NIAGARA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

The
North American
Review

FOUNDED IN 1815

OLD SERIES: VOLUME 254 NUMBER 1 NEW SERIES: VOLUME 6

ARTICLES

The Liberal-Radical Marriage	*Stephen Minot*	15
Karl Barth, 1886-1968	*David Crownfield*	29
Nigeria: The War within the War	*Glen E. Haydon*	45

FICTION

The Colossus of Rhodes	*Stephen Gray*	21
Goodbye, Aristotle	*E. Lagomarsino*	36
Teak	*Norma Klein*	40
The Tinkle-Bell	*Alyce Ingram*	49
The Charley	*Cynthia Buchanan*	52

POETRY

Marvin Bell, *World War III*, 17; William R. Slaughter, *The Hostage*, 32; Peter Cooley, *In Transit*, 38; Herbert Scott, *Passing the Masonic Home for the Aged*, 46; Richard Jackson, *Pantomime*, 51; Jane Passman, *Myself*, 54; Denis Johnson, *Checking the Traps*, 59.

DEPARTMENTS

Smalltalk, *the Editors*, 2.

Latin American Report, *Hugh Fox*, 3.

American Eye: SAN FRANCISCO, *Lawrence Swaim*, 6; HOUSTON, *William Beeson*, 8; CHICAGO, *T. B. Gilmore*, 11; NEW YORK, *Robert Emmet Long*, 12.

The Fabulist, *Victor Contoski*, 42.

NAR Heritage: AN INDIAN'S VIEW OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, *Young Joseph*, 56.

Editor: ROBLEY WILSON, JR. Business Manager: CHARLOTTE L. WILSON

Fiction: LOREE RACKSTRAW Poetry: RICHARD RACKSTRAW Books: EDWARD AMEND

Contributing Editors: ROBERT DANA, JAMES HEARST, DONALD KAUL, LAWRENCE SWAIM (WEST COAST), J. C. CEDERSTROM (SOUTH), STEPHEN MINOT (EAST COAST), NORA L. MAGID (NEW YORK CITY)

Publisher: UNIVERSITY OF NORTHERN IOWA

Editorial and Business offices: UNIVERSITY OF NORTHERN IOWA, CEDAR FALLS, IOWA 50613

Rates: $1.50 A COPY; $6.00 A YEAR IN THE U.S AND ITS POSSESSIONS, $6.15 IN CANADA AND LATIN AMERICA—ALL OTHER COUNTRIES $7.00 A YEAR

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, Spring 1969. Old Series Vol. 254, New Series Vol. VI; No. 1. Published quarterly in March, June, September, December, at the University of Northern Iowa, 1222 West 27th Street, Cedar Falls, Iowa 50613. Second class postage paid at Cedar Falls, Iowa 50613. Printed in the U.S.A. by Waverly Publishing Co., Waverly, Iowa 50677. Copyright © 1969 by the University of Northern Iowa. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved. Opinions expressed by contributors to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW do not necessarily reflect those of the editors or of the University of Northern Iowa. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed envelope with return postage. THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is indexed in SOCIAL SCIENCES AND HUMANITIES INDEX, HISTORICAL ABSTRACTS, and AMERICA: HISTORY AND LIFE. Back file volumes are available from AMS Reprint Co., 56 East 13th Street, New York, N. Y. 10003, and from University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48103.

Subscribers must notify publisher of failure to receive within six weeks of date of issue.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW IS REVIVED WITH THE COOPERATION OF THE HONORABLE CLAIBORNE PELL, SENATOR FROM RHODE ISLAND.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

smalltalk

THE CONTINUING REVIVIFICATION OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, AND OTHER TRADITIONS

A variety of commercial enterprises in this country turn their profits by pretending to operate perpetually on the edge of doom and bankruptcy. "Going out of Business!" proclaim the banners across their windows; "Lost Our Lease—Everything Must Go!" It is, of course, an elaborate lie these businesses live, eternally selling out to the bare walls but never quite making it into bankruptcy court.

To our Constant Readers, it must sometimes have seemed during the past five years that *The North American Review* was playing the same game. No fewer than three times since the *Review's* revival in 1964, the staff has threatened—either in print or in melancholy conversation with itself—that the end of the magazine was at hand; once, in fact, a terminal number was published, starkly bound in a white cover bordered with black.

Fortunately—blessedly, perhaps—all the alarms have turned out false, and it is owing to the tenacity of Bob Dana and his staff at Cornell College that the *Review* now enters upon the sixth year of its revival. The banner in the window which might have read "Fire Sale" says simply: "Under New Management."

It should be remarked that the New Management takes up its work with a feeling of gorgeous optimism—as if simply to gather together an assortment of gaunt, coffee-drinking, cigarette-smoking, or otherwise high-strung types, were in itself a promise of sound journalism and high-class literature. Real though that promise may turn out to be, the roots of our optimism reach far deeper.

First, *The North American Review* is a proud old name; you may trace it back in a direct, once-broken line more than 150 years, and it is our belief that in the five years since its revival the *Review* has come far toward recovering and improving the lustre of its best past.

Second, we begin our tenure with a solid base of nearly a thousand subscribers—and because most of these are libraries (in all 50 states, and in eleven foreign countries), we probably have a good many more readers than the bare circulation figures might suggest.

Finally, we are embarked on a curious kind of adventure. No other quarterly with the *Review's* particular aspirations (at least, none we can think of) enjoys the protection and support of a *public* university. Ponder that. Northern Iowa is the rawest of universities, scarcely out of its teacher's college cocoon, located nearly a hundred miles west of the little old lady in Dubuque. If the *Review* during the years to come succeeds in threading its way between our obligations to the state of Iowa and our obligations to a national readership, between a legislature which frequently leans somewhat to the right of Little Orphan Annie and a University president who recently received the AAUP's Meiklejohn Award—then who can say that the Enlightenment is not at hand?

All contrary portents aside, we intend to flourish.

None of this is to suggest that the future will not see changes in the *Review*. Some of the changes are immediate and obvious: We have returned to a quarterly publication schedule—a move dictated by the size of our staff and the demands of classroom teaching—though we hasten to point out the increase in the number of our pages. And we have raised the single-copy price of the Review—a simple concession to economic reality; we are supported, but we are not being spoiled.

Other changes will be gradual. Beginning with the summer number, Donald Kaul, the excellent columnist of the Des Moines *Register*, will write a regular column for us. The department known as *American Eye* will be expanded to include more cities, both American and Canadian. We hope in future to add new departments dealing with Black affairs and student activism—both of these latter projected by Bob Dana before he relinquished his editorship.

Most of the *Review's* familiar features will be retained. *Latin American Report*, *The Fabulist*, frequent reviews, the long-established policy of finding the best young poets and fiction writers—we will give up none of these, for we have examined them and find that Lo! they are Good Things. In addition, we plan to explore even more widely and deeply the current scene both domestic and foreign—politics, international affairs, literature, religion, the social sciences, art, music, sports. In short: anything. We have no prejudices.

It only remains for us to explain that we have felt this was the first and the last opportunity for us to talk about ourselves, and so we have seized it. From now on, *Smalltalk* will be given over to whichever of our editors feels like making an extra-curricular speech to the literate world.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW welcomes correspondence from its readers, and will maintain a regular Letters column in these pages. Comments of less than 500 words are recommended; the editors assume that all letters are available for publication unless the writer stipulates otherwise.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

70 29 G N 27

Guatemala: Battleground of the West

When you think Guatemala, think Indian. More than half the population is pure Indian and the rest (the "Ladinos"—the "Latinos" or "latinized") exhibit varying degrees of "Indian-ness." The European population is small, there are some Negroes, but the broad demographic base remains Indian.

This predominantly Indian bias remains the determining factor in Guatemalan life, not only slowing its becoming a technical-commercial republic along the lines of the U. S., but also rendering it to a great degree impermeable to the Castroism which currently is attempting to turn Guatemala into another Cuba. The U.S., in its now-traditional self-appointed role as Guardian of World Peace is supplying Guatemala with a large staff of military advisors, the way we began in Vietnam, and $200 million a year in aid to the Guatemalan army—above the other aid which goes into the economic development of Guatemala and the rest of Latin America.

Within Guatemala itself a right wing organization, the White Hand, supplies its own brand of KKK anti-Communism, while the guerillas, primarily in the Sierra de las Minas in the eastern part of the country, continue to build up their forces. If there were more Castro support of the Guatemalan guerilla forces—even a fraction of the kind of support that North Vietnam receives from the Iron Curtain countries—and if there were any kind of real response from the highland Indians, the U.S. could easily find itself in another Vietnam right in Central America.

The Indian mind, though, does not respond to guerilla warfare and revolution, instead looking back to some magic source of protection against poverty and cosmic destruction. For each Indian pueblo there is a *Chiman Nam* (or Chief Elder) who functions as a custodian of the past, a cultural carryover from the priest-rulers of Mayan times. Each pueblo considers itself the center of the world, and as Maud Oakes points out in her *The Two Crosses of Todos Santos* (NY, 1951) not only does the Indian encapsulate himself against the present by making his pueblo the center of the world, the only pueblo that will survive the cosmic forces of destruction, but also by surrounding himself totally with the past.

Exactly the opposite of the current Western attitude that the old is useless and should be discarded, the Guatemalan Indian views tradition as the source of all wisdom. If somehow Castroism could be artificially programmed into the racial memory banks of the Indians and if the *Chiman Nam* and the other lesser *chimanes* and officials could be converted into spokesmen for the guerilla cause then Castroism might have some chance in Indo-America. As it is now, however, whatever attention is paid to the guerillas' message is mere tokenism.

In the Indian world God still speaks to man, and certain men (*naguales*) can change themselves into animals. It is a world of divination by scattering seeds on a piece of cloth, of sacrificing roosters and turkeys to cure the sick or defend someone against evil magic. And always it remains a world enclosed in a profound sense of the sacredness of the past. The Indian's calendar is neither western (Gregorian) nor Mayan, but simply based on the agricultural cycle rhythms that surround him—the rainy season, when the corn is green, ripe, etc. In its general outlines his world view is still Mayan, although many details of the Mayan system have been lost and, on the other hand, many Christian symbols and ideas have been welded to the fundamental Mayan mystique.

It is this world that Communism and Capitalism are now turning into a battleground, and like the Maryknoll priest who calls the village elder a *brujo* (witch-doctor), not recog-

---

THE POETS IN THIS ISSUE

We shall make it a habit to print brief biographies of our poets on this page. The writers of fiction (chosen for this issue by Alys Chabot, outgoing fiction editor) and of articles will be served by biographical entries accompanying their work.

In this number of the **Review, DENIS JOHNSON** is making his second appearance; "Checking the Traps" is included in an anthology to be published by Doubleday later this year . . . . **MARVIN BELL,** emeritus poetry editor of the **Review,** teaches at Iowa. His book of poems, **A Probable Volume of Dreams,** will be out this fall, from Atheneum . . . . **JANE PASSMAN** makes her first appearance here; she is 16 and writes that she "spent my early years traveling between California and New York and Washington, D.C." She lives in Bethesda, Maryland . . . . **HERBERT SCOTT** is an Oklahoman, publishes in **Harper's, Massachusetts Review,** and others. He teaches at Western Michigan University . . . . **WILLIAM SLAUGHTER** is on the staff of Florida Southern College; his wife will present him with a second hostage this summer . . . . **PETER COOLEY** has had work recently in **Poetry Northwest,** lives with wife and child in Iowa City where he is enrolled in the Writers' Workshop . . . . **RICHARD JACKSON** is an undergraduate at Merrimack College in Massachusetts.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nizing his stabilizing socio-psychological function within the total Indian society, both the U.S. and the Maoist Castroites ignore the anthropological unity of the world they are "invading" in their frenzied ideological fervor for "conversion."

Guatemala began to change into a battleground in 1944. For more than fifty years prior to that date it had been ruled by strong-handed dictators who stamped out any opposition before it had a real chance to begin. The country was ruled by a small oligarchy of *latifundistas* (landowners), and any kind of land-reform or workers' rights was unheard of. It was a virtual slave economy.

In 1944 a military *coup* overthrew the government of the dictator Jorge Ubico and in 1945 Jose Arevalo became the new president. Under Arevalo a genuine process of social reform was begun and laws were set up allowing the formation of labor unions. A social security system and a vigorous educational reform plan were initiated, and diverse political parties were allowed to be formed and to function. At the same time Communist infiltration into Guatemalan politics began, and Arevalo himself announced that his program amounted to "spiritual socialism."

Arevalo served out his six-year term and was succeeded in office by Jacobo Arbenz Guzman, under whom the "communization" of Guatemala began in earnest. In a sense Arbenz was automatically forced to depend on the Communists. Arevalo had recognized the need for some kind of land reform but had done nothing about it. Arbenz now instituted a viable reform which immediately alienated him from the large landowners—among them the United Fruit Company and the powerful oligarchy. There had always been a link between the United Fruit Company and the oligarchy, a symbiotic relationship of mutual benefit, and now, once Arbenz had cut himself off from the U.S.-supported forces in Guatemala, he found himself relying more and more on the Left for support.

The government expropriated large tracts of land and either gave this land to the peasants or leased it to them for life at the cost of 3% of the annual value of crops raised on it. The compensation paid to the former owners was to be based on the evaluation used for tax purposes, which was usually vastly below actual value, and the Guatemalan oligarchy *and* U.S. business, feeling the pinch, combined forces against Arbenz and he was ousted in 1954 by a C.I.A.-inspired invasion led by Colonel Carlos Castillo Armas who was given two P-51 Mustang fighters to help him do the job.

Guatemala had become a testing-ground for the play of Communist and Capitalist ideologies, neither of which was concerned with her unique, socio-economic identity. Unfortunately, in Guatemala as in Vietnam and elsewhere, in order to oust the far left, the U.S. has sided with the far right, and although both far left and far right ultimately represent almost identical forms of totalitarian control, it *seems* that the U.S. is supporting the land-owners against the peasants and workers. The Communist party, as Daniel James points out in his *Tactics Rojas en las Americas: Preludio Guatemalteco* (Mexico, 1955), ideologically uses the laborer, the proletariat as the "vanguard of the revolution," (p. 74) which has put the U.S. in the position of supporting the only other side there is *to* support—the oligarchy.

It is naive to suppose that the U.S. should stand by and watch Chinese, Russian (and Cuban) supported forces turn Latin American states into Czechoslovakias, Polands, and Rumanias, but the fact that the U.S. is almost always put into the position of supporting reactionary forces and not genuine democratic forces of change which are similar to the change-principles operative in the U.S. itself, demonstrates how completely the C.I.A. and the State Dept. have failed in carrying our revolutionary message into dictator-dominated areas. U.S. foreign policy has been disastrously linked with U.S. business interests and U.S. business interests have been disastrously linked with maintaining the status quo, even when the status quo goes directly against the principles of the American revolution.

Although the dictatorship of an Ubico directly contradicts the principles of popular sovereignty and the common-weal, still business representatives who are supposedly coming from the system based on these principles, have supported Ubico-like regimes. Then business has set the pattern for government action. It is this betrayal of American revolutionary doctrines by U.S. business and certain agencies of the U.S. government which has *allowed* the Communists to hide behind the banners of labor and reform while infiltrating into Latin America. We had two sides to choose between and we chose the wrong one.

As J. D. Martz points out in his *Central America: The Crisis and the Challenge* (Chapel Hill, 1959), in the 1944 *coup* both sides were guilty of atrocities, the out-going Arbenzistas and the in-coming Castillistas. But once Castillo Armas was in power he surrounded himself with leftovers from the Ubico era (landowners and clergy, the old oligarchy), and suspended the agrarian reform. Whether the U.S. intended it or not, it had helped restore the status quo to the detriment of social change and reform.

Then favorable concessions were granted to foreign (mainly U.S.) oil companies for exploitation of reserves in El Peten, and most of the land that had been expropriated by the Arbenz regime was returned. The forces of reaction were rewarded.

Castillo Armas was assassinated in 1957, was succeeded provisionally by Guillermo Flores Avendano, then by General Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes who in turn was succeeded by Julio Cesar Mendez Montenegro . . . . the individual names, though, are not that important so long as one keeps in mind the fact that as long as the U.S. has its say, status quo presidents will continue on in regular succession in Guatemala, treated with patronage and given just enough to keep them almost happy—and in power. As

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes points out in his *My War with Communism* (1963), the role of being a U.S.-supported puppet president is not a very pleasant one either.

Of course the basic contradiction here is that the U.S. should act as a block to the kind of class interaction and interplay that theoretically is so intimate a part of the U.S. system within the U.S.—although here again, as the Negro and student riots in the last few years seem to indicate, even within the U.S. the system has not been displaying its expected flexibility and permeability.

In 1960 there was an uprising in Guatemala City led by Communist army officers. They were quickly put down, but their attempt at a Communist takeover by military force has remained the "ideal" for Communist forces in Guatemala and four months ago, on November 15, five bombs were exploded by terrorists in Guatemala City in commemoration of the 1960 rebellion.

The guerilla forces in the Guatemala mountains are not large. They do not represent a heavily-financed operation. Like other guerilla activity in Bolivia, Colombia, Venezuela and the rest of Latin America, theirs is more an attempt to "activate" the indigenous population than to bring in an "outside" army and invade the country. The guerillas are well paid. Some of them are idealistic and genuinely belive that a Maoist revolution is necessary to break the power of the landlords and foreign capital. Luis Augusto Turcios Lima, for example, before he was killed in October of 1966, believed passionately in the need for a guerilla-led uprising in order to effect any kind of viable land redistribution program. He was an admirer of Che Guevara and Chairman Mao.

Only poorly equipped, pursued by U.S. supported and "advised" government troops, trying to "activate" a pre-Colombian traditionalist mentality whose whole direction is toward the "sacred past," the guerillas hardly have a chance. And even if they did, would a Communist, Castro-like dictatorship be any better, after the programs and the purges, than the present faintly progressive regime?

Is the "western" any better than the Mayan, or isn't the alternative still left open to improve the material lot of the Indian, give him the necessary medicines, help him improve his farming methods and introduce whatever technology will aid his physical well-being, without destroying—by completely changing—his total world-view? Every culture has a unique beauty and worth—that the Western crusaders on both sides of the iron curtain tend to completely ignore. A Mayan-based essential-techn o l o g y complex is feasible but will probably never be developed and Guatemala will continue to serve as a battleground of ideologies and systems that have nothing to do with its individual "thisness."

Of course the Guatemalan Indians have been used to being culturally "smashed" for a long time. It is difficult to find a more poignant sense of loss than that expressed in the preamble to *Popol Vuh*, the sacred book of the Quiche Maya, in which the author, seeing his culture pillaged by the Spaniards writes:

> This we shall write now under the Law of God and Christianity; we shall bring it to light because now the Popol Vuh . . . . cannot be seen any more, in which was clearly seen the coming from the other side of the sea and the narration of our obscurity, and our life was clearly seen. The original book, written long ago, existed, but its sight is hidden to the searcher and to the thinker. Great were the descriptions and the account of how all the sky and earth were formed, how it was formed and divided into four parts; how it was partitioned, and how the sky was divided; and the measuring-cord was brought, and it was stretched in the sky and over the earth, on the four angles, on the four corners, as was told by the Creator and the Maker, the Mother and Father of Life, of all created things, he who gives breath and thought, she who gives birth to the children, he who watches over the happiness of the human race, the wise man, he who meditates on the goodness of all that exists in the sky, on the earth, in the lakes and in the sea.

Now a new acculturation-complex exists, basically Maya with a Christian overlay. It may be possible under the force of Communist and Capitalist cultural invasions to completely undermine this Mayan base, destroy the power of the *chimanes* and the relics and the ancient customs and laws. The Spanish, even with the Inquisition, were still amateurs compared to modern thought-control (and change) methods. It would be nice to think that in the next decades something would survive of the Indian past, but as Guatemala becomes increasingly a focal point of ideological conflict, continued isolation becomes unlikely. Even if it does not become an out and out battleground, Guatemala is n o w experiencing a purposeful ideological invasion aimed at Westernizing the Indian. And defoliation can be psychic and spiritual as well as material.

—Hugh Fox

SEND ME

The North American Review for one year (4 fat issues).

☐ My check for $6.00 is enclosed.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State ..... Zip.....

☐ On second thought, send me the NAR for two years; I enclose payment of $12.00, and understand I save nothing except the nuisance of remembering to renew.

☐ This *is* a renewal.

Clip and mail to:

Subscription Department
The North American Review
University of Northern Iowa
Cedar Falls, Iowa 50613

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

american eye

San Francisco

The twelfth annual San Francisco Film Festival ended quietly enough, but the first two or three days of the Festival had the folks sitting on the edge of their seats, as they say. I'm not sure exactly what it was that we expected, those first few days: an explosion, I suppose, or blinding white lights followed by a guy driving his bike *a la Morgan* through the screen in a flaming gorilla suit across the stage, through flags and sweet-smelling flowers, and into screaming hysterical rows of San Francisco's Beautiful People, the little Nob Hill matron turning to her friend, a hairdresser, murmuring, *All the films are crazy this year, Arthur, they have to be crazy or the critics won't like them* . . . Newsreel, a group of radical filmmakers, had promised, according to people associated with the Film Festival and with city government, to disrupt this year's Festival. Actually, according to Newsreel, they had promised *not* to disrupt this Festival; and they did not. What they *did* do was to show some of their own films outside the Festival, a much better tactic than disruption, although they are perfectly wonderful disrupters when they want to be, as their successful disruption of the New York Festival proved for all time. It was this bit of action which earned them the lasting enmity of the police in New York, but also, unfortunately, of some New York filmmakers as well.

The first night of the Festival was a mind-dulling, formal-attire happening, with all of rich San Francisco sitting there stone sober trying to concentrate on a silly-pretentious film called *The Sergeant* (People get rather drunk at the opera, but there was no bar handy at the Film Festival). A few black-tied gentlemen watched, that first night, as the Newsreel people arrived in their big van, looking a little garish (but not as garish as some of the women there that night), and were unable to find a parking space; after a while the police chased them away. A tiny old lady murmured *pig* softly and a little experimentally, the first time I have ever heard an elderly woman use that shocking and strangely expressive word. After the silly-pretentious movie, and some insulting speeches by city officials, were over, the glittering mob rushed like thirst-crazed black-and-white animals over to a nearby hotel to an "After Theatre Supper Party" where they could, at last, celebrate their survival by getting completely smashed. I stayed around watching for a little while. It was very strange: the whole crowd of them, stupid wives, executives, motion picture distributors, shining actors and even some filmmakers, came gloriously alive. Not brilliant, or even witty, but alive, as though they had all just been awakened from a trance. I remember wondering then if alcohol is the spiritual equivalent of our San Francisco fog, and if anyone is ever really happy here until they are wandering around in that strangely buoyant grey haze, listening for the fog-horns.

The next night, Friday night, Newsreel arrived again, this time securing a parking space (by renting it for twenty-four hours from the gas station adjacent to Masonic Auditorium). They began to show their films on a paper screen on the side of their van, and also passed out a little leaflet that began by modestly proposing to *Fuck the System! !* and developing, as it went along, into a fairly credible satire of an arty-radical leaflet. Patrons of the Festival, anxious to be cosmopolitan, earnestly queued up to squat around the Newsreel van and watch the Panther film *Off the Pigs*, a film from the Rebel Army of Portuguese Guinea, and some lovely things from Cuba by Santiago Alverez, before they went inside to see *Capricious Summer* and *Riverrun*. It is not at all inappropriate, I think, to ask why Alverez is so rarely shown inside any movie house or festival in this country; his films alone justified the Newsreel gesture. In an American film milieu that still regularly features *Triumph of the Will*, with deafening reminders every five minutes that it is *not just propaganda*, but *is also art*, how much wiser and happier we would be if we would just allow ourselves also to witness, once in a while, an alien but healthy voice from another side of the ideological world, which is, despite frenzied attempts of the Soviet Union and the United States to deny it, still populated by human beings.

Inside, as the Film Festival progressed, it became clear that the greatest threat to patrons would come from the program of the festival itself. For some reason, there were, this year, a number of really bad films going around, and San Francisco seemed to get a lot of them. In fact, amongst us members of the working press (since I am now a "correspondent" for *The North American Review*, I received free admission to all the films in the form of a press pass), we quickly decided that "pretentious" had become our favorite word, and it was, in fact, so quickly appropriate that we began to wonder, over bourbon and water, if there were any words left. Unlike other art forms in the past, filmmakers are in constant touch with the work of other filmmakers, and cliches rather rapidly become international. Whatever the reason, Freeman's garish and brutally stupid fantasy *The Touchables* and Wajda's *Gates to*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paradise had absolutely no place in a film festival of any kind, and are two of the worst films ever made. *The Touchables*, particularly, launched an enthusiastic wave of hissing and stomping, a good healthy habit which one picks up at film festivals and which American audiences might consider adopting in their neighborhood theatres.

The films that I enjoyed most this year were Eric Till's *A Great Big Thing* (Argofilm, Canada) and Zohar's *Every Bastard a King* (Israel): both films are very modern in feeling, both extremely funny, and both relatively free of the pretension that seemed to hover over almost all of the pictures this year, from Mai Zetterling's *Flickorna* to Godard's harrowing *Week-end*. Reni Santoni, a comic genius whose style reminds me of San Francisco's Peter Bonerz, happily dominates *Great Big Thing*. He plays a young talking writer who has his friends bulldozed into believing that he is a genius, and goes through twenty-four hours of changes, hustling chicks, selling fake spanish fly to horny friends, borrowing money, and stealing gifts for his girls. I think it is clear that there is a great potential for pretension, cuteness, and stupidity in doing another film like this: it has been done so many times. But the film is a very funny comedy, and it sustains itself through two enjoyable hours without being self-consciously hip. For this I was more grateful than I can say.

Every Bastard a King is also light and successfully (unpretentiously) modern, but it had a cutting edge that went beyond the other comedies. A young, successful American writer-journalist arrives in Tel Aviv with his Israeli-born wife, Eileen (Pier Angeli). They meet two Israelis, Yehoram, a garrulous driver assigned to them by the government, and Rafi, a young leftist. Rafi is raising money for a school for Arab children and has, at one time in his leftward career, attempted to fly to Egypt in a single-engine plane to talk to Nasser. Both Yehoram and the American writer regard him as a model of courage, moral courage, at a time when the government of Israel is anxious to project an ideal of physical courage. The attempts of Yehoram to defend, and the American writer to imitate, this kind of unfashionable courage which even Rafi has difficulty in assuming makes two hours of very fine contemporary film.

But it was John Cassavetes' film *Faces* that really dominated the features at the festival (two feature films were shown every night, retrospectives, new directors, press conferences and film-as-art were in the mornings and afternoons). Coming from Venice, where John Marley had won the Best Actor Award, *Faces* had created something of a flurry in New York at that Festival. Now: this film is the single most depressing film I have ever seen. It is so hellish, so honest, so crude in its approach to people that it knows to be perfectly real, that I left the auditorium feeling so badly that I did not want a drink: those simple images were stuck in my head forever. I also had the feeling that the film had changed my life a little bit, although I could not say how.

Faces is a grainy, repetitive, available-light newsreel of a long angry night of adultery in a small group of upper-middle-class citizens of Los Angeles. This is a genuine, self-contained, unarguable little version of the American hell that Cassavetes investigates, another side of the American hell of violence, the side where men and women use love and boredom to wound each other. These are the real losers of plastic America, these sincere, silly phonies of the business world, businessmen and their wives who cannot recall, as they advance towards their fifties, even a little part of themselves that is real. These people do not "have affairs", as the very rich do; neither do they "fall in love". In this marriage-bound and most painfully marital of stations, men "cheat on their wives" and women "chisel on their husbands". Adultery exists not because of love, or uncontrollable passion, or pleasure, or as a means for finding oneself: it exists to hurt one's husband or wife. Cassavetes' people betray again and again their devotion to a version of marriage that they believe they once observed, but cannot, or dare not, remember for a moment. They reveal, in almost all of their acts of hurtfulness or spite, exactly what it means to have lost one's moral imagination completely. It is a kind of snobbery of mine that there are certain kinds of businessmen who have always reminded me of big, unhappy, dangerous children, but one of the remarkable things Cassavetes does is to show how close we all exist to that second childhood where we have finally sold everything that belongs to ourselves and shamble around smashing everything in sight. Cassevetes obviously feels that these people could be dangerous, and are, in fact, dying of self-deception and despair, but it is his great victory that he was able to identify completely with his characters throughout his film. I was finally forced to do the same

After *Faces*, the festival slipped by rather quickly. There were some great art films one afternoon: Bruce Baillie won some money for his *Valentin of the Mountains*, which he deserved, and John Camie did not win anything for his *Exchanges I*, which is too bad. The filmmakers' retrospectives were very well planned and well received, the best ones being those of John Huston and charming Lillian Gish, who was once so very beautiful on the screen as a distraught victim of circumstance. Both were present at their retrospectives. Edward G. Robinson arrived at his retrospective with a movie-prop machinegun. Kirk Douglas was on hand, happy to talk to the working press about the sophistication of San Francisco; scenes from his major films reminded me again of what a fine actor he is. William Wyer seemed pedantic. The Czechs entered a long, complicated medieval epic (*Marketa Lazarova*) which everybody I know did not like, but which

The NAR's strong left arm in San Francisco, LAWRENCE SWAIM *is a regular contributor to this department. His "Interview with a Black Panther" appeared in our pages last summer.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I liked very much. Andy Warhol's midnight showing of his *Lonesome Cowboys* was funny and qualified as a little gem of leaping high camp, but never approached the humor of Warhol's *Nude Restaurant.* Godard's *Week-end* and Korty's *Riverrun* I cannot comment on at all, since both require long reviews and would make no sense until they have been seen by the reader, and it is unlikely that they have been seen widely yet.

Michelangelo Antonioni did show up at the festival, but did not give any interviews or talk to anyone very much except for a confrontation with the audience at his retrospective. He seemed very shy, and humble, but sure of his answers to questions about his work. Most of his answers were skillful evasions. He reaffirmed his frequent contention that there are no influences on his work, a contention which his long, sorrowing films—shown one after another for seven hours—seemed, to me, to prove beyond a shadow of a doubt. I had a very strong feeling that the film that he is now making for MGM, *Zabriskie Point,* is going very badly, an impression that others have received as well. He refused to talk about it, the only subject that he could not evade politely with a sentence or two. He seemed tired to the bone, and he explained that he still asked himself why he had come to America. During his retrospective, the word went around amongst the followers that Antonioni was "resting". The word had a strange sound to it, as though he were dying or in a coma. But he appeared again, and shook someone's hand as he left.

—*Lawrence Swaim*

Houston

By now practically everyone knows that there *is* a resident theatre movement afoot in the United States. If they don't, they have a glimmer that *something* is going on out there, and "out there" can be anyplace these days, from New Haven to Seattle—anywhere a band of artists has managed to scratch a theatre from the dirt and create something with professional standards. Or something approaching professional standards. The idea is a healthy one. Whether it's going to be the big, bright dream the artists envisioned in the beginning is a question easily obscured by the day-to-day fight for survival. But resident theatre is here for the moment, some companies ensconced in white palaces in the midst of refulgent cultural centers, while some are forced to exist in ancient, dust-encrusted movie theatres. Still others inhabit more picturesque locations: wharves, vats and dancehalls.

Houston's Alley Theatre originated in a dance studio and went on to glory in a converted fan factory. In November of 1968, after twenty years in a building plagued by termites, bad wiring, buckling beams and only 231 seats ranging around an intimate arena, it moved into a turreted structure adjoining the city's Jesse B. Jones Hall for the Performing Arts, a distinguished addition to any city's architecture and to the sterile embraces of the Albert B. Thomas Trade and Convention Center.

The new Alley Theatre resembles a castle along the Rhine. Peculiarly enough, it does not look out of place in Houston. But then, very little does. The city is a study in opposites. Zoning laws are so lax that a laundromat could very well spring up next to a Victorian mansion. Adobe mingles with structural cement. Glass towers vie with pink brick and mansard provincial. None of it fits together and it probably never will. To the purist it is disgraceful, but to most Houstonians, it is a vital part of their teeming, constantly changing scene. Once you get used to it, it's sort of delightful. And in no city on earth can the guessing game "What's going up *there?*" be played quite as heartily.

The new Alley is the result of a six-year, storm-tossed collaboration between the Theatre's founding director, Nina Vance and architect Ulrich Franzen. It took Miss Vance (or Mrs. Vance: the two are used interchangeably) more than a year to find an architect. Franzen, at the time he was given the Alley commission, had a tiny office in Greenwich Village. Today he has two floors on Madison Avenue and a string of notable structures to his credit. Of German birth (which explains the Rhineland influence), Franzen is a tall, rather good-looking man in his forties, highly articulate and alive with emotion. His jaw is the sort that weathers opposition and comes out slightly raised.

He provided a fitting foil for Miss Vance, who, beneath her Texas good manners and feminine charm, is a fiercely determined, dedicated woman. Tall and attractive, with crystal-blue eyes and a mouth alternately reminiscent of Harpo Marx and Garbo, her figure fluctuates between svelteness and pinafores (which cover up the *un*svelteness). It is impossible to imagine Miss Vance without a cape, and it is said she was wearing one 22 years ago when Alley Theatre was founded by 80-some people who gathered one October night to create something "a little different". Originally nothing more than a Little Theatre with aspirations, the Alley went pro in later years and has remained Equity ever since.

It is said that Brooks Atkinson put the Alley on the map. He first visited it in the early 50's and reviewed it most kindly. On encountering W. McNeil Lowry of The Ford Foundation, who was planning a trip "out there", it is legend that Atkinson advised him: "Go to Houston first".

Mr. Lowry did. It was the beginning of Ford's interest in theatre outside New York, but especially in the Alley. The Vance-Lowry collaboration has been quite as dynamic as that of Vance-Franzen. In the end, it helped to give Houston the new Alley and a ten-year maintenance fund. Along the way it has provided Miss Vance with traveling funds to observe theatres here and abroad, as well as the wherewithal to find an architect and, having found him, to collaborate with him—thus creating an important "first" in both fields.

A new building, whether a public washroom or a theatre, can only be called a success if the people it was built for can function there comfortably and creatively, so it will be some time before the success of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new Alley Theatre as a building can be gauged. One must look at it now solely from an aesthetic angle. And aesthetically, it is one of the most beautiful theatres in the world.

Its most outstanding features, of course, are its nine towers which punctuate the sand-blasted cement facade at strategic places, breaking undulant curves or sharp, almost painful surfaces. Paul Owen, design director of Alley Theatre, served for three years as Miss Vance's liaison with the architect. He says that the towers stress the male-female relationship which is stated throughout the building in a thousand ways and was one of the underlying principles at its inception. One can say of the facade that it is never static. Severity melts; femininity is regimented; a marriage of surfaces, is effected. Put all this under one of Texas' incomparably blue skies and you have something that screams for attention. If one of Franzen's desires was to give the city-bound worker something intriguing to look at, he has succeeded.

The new building houses two theatres: one with a gently thrusting stage which a steeply raked audience of 800 partially surrounds; and other an intimate arena surrounded by 300 seats, with the same basic configurations of the old Alley. One sweeps up a red-carpeted staircase to the large theatre: it is an exhilarating experience. You are surrounded by glass and curving walls that seem to propel you toward a momentous happening. An audience catches the sense of event immediately. There is a feeling of spatial grandeur that is not awe-inspiring, but exciting. In descending to the smaller theatre, one is quickly prepared for a more intimate experience. The stairway is not wide; it curves, it seems, to the deeps of the building, winding down to a hidden chamber. The public spaces here are small, with tiny niches where one can rest at intermission and never be seen. It all seems personal, but not as if you were spying or overhearing something you should not in someone's living room. There is a heightened sense of belonging, perhaps. One's individuality is never assaulted.

Beneath both theatres are the various shops and dressing rooms in a series of bewildering catacombs. One woman remarked on its resemblance to a vast feudal city. It is an apt description. Everything that happens onstage can be manufactured here, and there is adequate storage space for costumes and properties. (*And* . . . A paint room with a ceiling so low you can only paint a six-foot flat there . . . A stage elevator that seldom functions as it should . . . A projection screen that has twice destroyed itself. Such are the kinks. There are others; surely some remain to be discovered.)

The members of the resident company, a greatly increased one compared to previous seasons, assembled October 1 to begin rehearsals for Brecht's *Galileo*, which was to open at a gala premiere on Tuesday evening, November 26. The play was to be directed by Nina Vance. This had not been her desire. During the summer she had searched the United States, Canada, and Great Britain for a suitable director. There had even been talk of inviting Georgio Strehler from Milan to direct it. People found it unthinkable, however, that "Miss Nina" would not direct the first show in *her* theatre. Ruefully, she agreed to. It was to be a team effort, though. Several others were delegated directorial responsibilities for certain scenes and a young British director, Michael Meacham, who was to direct *Saint Joan* later on, was appointed associate director overall.

Predictably, the thing turned out to be rather a mish-mash. Brecht's play is hardly a great romantic tragedy, but every effort was bent to make it seem so. In doing this, Miss Vance and her staff managed to make this play, one of Brecht's flawed but most exciting, seem vague and contradictory, while it is, in truth, as piercing as a piece of Hoffritz cutlery. Audiences were puzzled, and rightfully so: what was there for them to latch onto but a flaccid mixture of styles, sparked off and on by Tony van Bridge's sudden bursts of cunning or Nancy Evans Leonard's well-done Virginia Galilei, one of the few performances of the evening with a sense of *mind* inspiring it? The marketplace scene, a conundrum anyway, was staged *a la Threepenny*, with performers advancing toward the audience, screaming menacingly. And the Pope-dressing scene was merely spectacle, not the humorous aside Brecht wanted. It was as if the ball had been lost, not fumbled, and the team was sitting on the bench, oblivious.

The performance offstage made up for what was lacking onstage. Tickets went for $100 and $1000 and everyone was determinedly dazzling. Stars —some imported to add glitter, others on their own—hurtled into Houston's antedeluvian airport (a new one has been underway for six years) shoulder to shoulder with the national press, officers of The Ford Foundation, and other dignitaries. It was curious that no one was on hand to represent the resident theatre movement. Miss Vance had decreed that *they* would be invited to a house-party on January 25. Tying in neatly with *Galileo*, 27 of the Manned Space Center's astronauts attended with their wives.

It was one of Houston's balmy nights and no one needed furs, though plenty wore them. A fierce wind had whipped up by seven o'clock and the banner procession which took place in the glare of klieg lights on the Civic Plaza was more battered than impressive, despite Robert Indiana's handsome banners. A lone picket protesting the Alley's unfairness to labor (which presaged a debilitating strike later on), mingled with the fashionable as camera bulbs popped and an over-madeup television hostess coralled luminaries into camera range on the steps to the theatre.

On the sculptural level (which has no sculpture) a trio alternated cool jazz with the frescoes of di Lasso and Monteverdi. A giant gong sounded periodically to let the audience know what time remained before the outer spectacle would be over and the inner one begin. Up swept Eileen Heckart in red, smiling her William Inge smile. Up swept McGeorge

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bundy and son, who steadfastly avoided the press throughout their stay. Up swept Maggie Smith and Robert Stephens, representing the National Theatre of Great Britain. ("She must be someone . . . she's wearing a boa," said one lady. "No, she isn't; she's pregnant," said her escort.) Shy David Wayne, eyes downcast, pipe in mouth, was hardly recognized by anyone. The astronauts everyone knew because they were the only men there with short hair. Harris and Carroll Masterson, whom Howard Taubman had once told to go home and support the Alley and stop producing Broadway atrocities, were visions in pink and black velvet. Mary Wickes (*Mary Wickes?*) was supposed to be there, but wasn't. And McNeil Lowry was. And his wife. And Senators. And the mighty of Houston. And everyone couldn't have looked prettier.

Never let it be said that Houstonians are flashy. They aren't. Great care is taken to coddle an image of conservatism and good works. The more flamboyant set, whose cavortings are regularly reported by a person named Maxine (who is in with everyone in the whole world *including* Christine Jorgensen), are ignored by the establishment and regarded with the same suspicion reserved for residents of Dallas, where things are always done in a "big" way.

Miss Vance made a brief appearance in the lobby just before the play began. "Why Nina," someone said: "That's not your opening dress!" "I know," she replied, "it looked funny across the bosom, so I wore this . . ." "This" was a salmon pink gown and coat, flecked with brilliants. Her eyes this evening seemed larger than usual, more childlike. One spoke to her and realized that her mind was elsewhere, though the Vance tick-tock (the smile, the grace, the self-deprecating humor) was working. She did not go in for the play, but stayed in the administrative offices, listening for laughs over the intercom. She kept muttering "Slow . . . slow . . ." and having cigarettes lit and cups of coffee brought her. The offices were alive with a tension not brought on by ordinary opening nights.

By this time I was on the phone to Lewis Funke at the Rice Hotel just up the street. Mr. Funke's arrival in Houston was a surprise one. When the national press was invited to attend the Alley premiere, Walter Kerr, Clive Barnes and Ada Louise Huxtable, all of the New York *Times* accepted. Kerr was first to back out, saying that he was sick of seeing *Galileo*. Then Barnes said that he'd rather come the Friday after opening. Then Huxtable reported that she had to cover a co-op opening in New York. Lines of communication at the *Times* are apparently raveled, for it was not until the morning of the premiere that the *Times* realized that *no one* was covering it. As Lewis Funke entered his office that morning, he was told to get to Houston. Which he did, *sans* toothbrush, pajamas or any real idea of what was happening.

After 18 months with the Alley Theatre on a Ford grant, WILLIAM BEESON *has recently taken up his duties as executive director of the Spartanburg County (S.C.) Arts Council.*

Mr. Funke is a small, unhappy-looking man in his late fifties, the sort of fellow who, in Clive Barnes' words, "views a trip to the Bronx with trepidation". One can imagine with what relish he embarked for Houston. Since New York is an hour ahead, he had to file his story shortly after arriving, so he assigned me to catch luminaries as they arrived and phone their reactions to him at the Rice, where he was hastily compiling an article from my information and that contained in his press kit.

Mr. Funke completed the article and phoned it in shortly before *Galileo* was over. He carefully washed his hands, combed his hair and said he'd like to get a drink and a bite to eat somewhere. Nothing I suggested pleased him. He disliked the fact that in Houston everything is a private club and you cannot get a drink without a card. Nor did he like any of the places I or anyone else at the Theatre had a card for. I told him there would be a substantial buffet downstairs right after the performance, to which all press would be invited, but he demurred, saying that he didn't look nice. I told him he looked beautiful and took him downstairs. I will always be grateful to Ted Kalem of *Time* because Kalem was standing at the bottom of the stairs; Funke saw him and his face lit up—and I quickly lost myself among the evening gowns. My last glimpse of Lewis Funke was at a ravaged buffet, gazing forlornly at a piece of cold, well-done roast beef.

The next day the Houston *Chronicle's* Ann Holmes gave *Galileo* a pretty stinking review and the *Post's* Nathan Fain gave it a rave. Later it was to be panned pretty unanimously, though Clive Barnes thought both the theatre *and* the play were pretty spectacular.

Alley Theatre suffers from sicknesses common to many resident theatres in this country today. In my time there I saw luminous acting and directing alongside some that would arouse distaste in most little theatres. Quality is not consistent. *Nothing* is. The state of mind is chaotic and is reflected in the work, though Homegrown theatre is not a bad thing when it is *good* homegrown theatre. Nina Vance will always be the Alley's guiding spirit, but out of generosity, sentimentality, or a desire to keep the Theatre free of dissent, she has managed to surround herself with talent that is, while serviceable, talent denied the chance for growth and development. In some cases, too, one questions even talent. True, many of these people lived through lean years with Lady Leader, *but* . . . There are more than a few "buts". But if there is to be a life for Alley Theatre after Nina Vance, that life needs to be implemented and encouraged now.

In an age when tight economic structuring is necessary for any resident theatre, faced as all are with Equity's spiraling demands and possible unionization of other backstage workers, the Alley is financially naive. Money is wasted extravagantly, costumes and scenery scrapped when they are wrong. On Broadway this is not uncommon. In resident theatre,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NIAGARA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

where the scenic artist and lighting designer are supposedly permitted sufficient time and freedom to function smoothly in tandem with an artistic director, it should not be the rule.

At the moment everyone in resident theatre is trying to upstage everyone else. Nina Vance is no exception. The first three plays of Alley Theatre's Inaugural Season are *Galileo*, *Saint Joan* and *War and Peace*. The lady's name was gained with Pirandello, O'Neill and Chekhov. Where were they? Where was *Rules of the Game? Strange Interlude? Cherry Orchard?* There is no Jerzy Grotowski in resident theatre. No Jean Vilar. No Peter Hall. Everyone is looking for a 'Thirties hit to revive. Philadelphia did a bang-up *Room Service* several seasons ago and everybody's been doing it. Ditto *Poor Bitos*. It remains for someone to go off and begin developing a style and repertoire uniquely his own. This complaint is not original, but it has not been voiced enough. Resident theatre is a healthy idea, but it risks becoming something hermetically sealed from the air around it.

When you exist on a subscription basis, as most of these theatres do, you can afford to take chances. It is a sad fact of life that few are being taken. —*William Beeson*

Chicago

Chicago is a pit of despair and thus mirrors the psychological condition of the rest of America. I shall attempt to illustrate this rather bald pontification; but if it is correct, there can be nothing singular in the illustration, since Chicago itself is fast losing its singularity. To pretend otherwise (as I have perhaps done in two previous columns) would be the sheerest sentimentalism, comparable to the sort of folly that induces, say, an advertising executive to play a Vermont farmer under the impression that he is renewing in himself the purity of his forefathers.

The causes of this despair are doubtless numerous and complex; but the beauty of my pontifical mood is that I can limit them to two, one proximate, one ultimate. The proximate cause is the powerlessness felt by many individual citizens, and this in turn arises from the fact that America has outgrown democracy but hasn't found anything to take its place.

Historically, democracy has worked best in small political units. I do not necessarily refer to the New England town meeting, itself a ripe source of sentimentalism. My statement might also embrace the representative government of, say, Eighteenth-Century England. Though not democratic by any currently accepted definition, it was, I think, highly sensitive to the desires of its small electorate. But any mass society (including ours) can have representative government only in the sense that enormous blocs or segments of the mass, not the individual, are represented. To its individual voices or even to small groups, such as the Vietnam protesters, the democracy of a mass society is likely to react in the same way as a totalitarian state: that is, first by toleration within narrow limits, then by repression (for example, Johnson's tampering with the draft, probably intended to silence dissenters by putting them in uniform). So what passes for democracy in modern America is, in its psychological effects, the breeding ground of a helplessness verging on despair.

All this may be too gloomy. One can point instead to the recent resurgence of radicalism among the young as an important sign of health. One can urge patience; the seeds these young people are planting may, it is said, eventually flower in a new society. But these young radicals, being well informed, realize that the history of radicalism in America is checkered; that change is slow (in what other Western democracy is it slower?); and that, when it comes, it is diluted and perverted almost beyond recognition by a hostile yet opportunistic Establishment. This very realization may be in some measure responsible for a second group of young— the drop-outs, the "hippies"—who in my opinion are more representative of the age than the radicals, at least in the purity of their despair; and it may be significant that the line between hippie and radical is often blurred.

But, to cut this long preface short, I should prefer to draw my illustrations from a third group of young, undoubtedly the largest though not so easily labelled. Since they have broken less sharply with previous generations than have the other two groups, their despair is the least "pure," at any rate the most completely reined. Yet at the same time it is the most accessible, the most comprehensible even to the casual observer, since they have evolved no dogma or program which might conceal it. These young people—let us, for convenience sake, call them the "conventional"—will soon marry and move to the suburbs. But for now they are poor at dissembling, the prospect of big money is rather remote and unsustaining anyway (their parents have in many instances struck it rich, but what good has it done them?), their jobs are mendacious, predatory, or dull; and they can be found taking their leisure in certain Rush Street clubs, whose uncurtained windows seem a deliberate invitation to the amateur sociologist.

The immediately striking thing about these clubs is their crowding; and the only conclusion possible is that this crowding, far from being discomfort, is a satisfaction deliberately sought out. I would not want to misrepresent this satisfaction: the young in all ages have probably liked to congregate, and no one, young or old, is quite easy in a half-deserted club. But what I refer to is crowding so extreme that it calls to mind the sardine can or, even more aptly, the propensity of some cold-blooded animals to pile on or entwine themselves in one another. There is, in other words something subhuman about these clubs, as there is in fact about urban humanity; they suggest that the only warmth to be had is animal warmth, and that city dwellers will not only settle for this but rejoice in it, so long as they have the youthful energy to escape the psycho-

T. B. GILMORE *is a frequent correspondent for American Eye, writing from or about the Second City.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

logical chill of the streets or their apartments.

The second prominent feature of these clubs is the promiscuity of the patrons. I do not mean sexual promiscuity, though obviously enough there must be a number of assignations made and kept on any given evening. I mean a more fundamental and startling promiscuity, the loss of self. This too is quite deliberate. Though friends do occasionally enter these clubs together, they stay together only by chance: the object is to transform and submerge onself, to become mobile, interchangeable, and anonymous. Only in this way can one avoid becoming stranded or "stuck." Here is levelling beyond the wildest dreams of any communist or egalitarian. Shop girls converse with college graduates, and vice-versa. This is easy enough because the subject of conservation does not matter and in fact hardly exists; only the flow must be maintained, the noise which drowns out the void. Youth is the common link, the sole link, and the armor against despair. The dream of brotherhood has degenerated to a dream of youthful promiscuity, reflecting inadvertently the adult promiscuity of the country clubs. The one will slide easily into the other.

The standardization of these young is at once an unconscious manifestation of despair and a way to stave off awareness of it. Of course it signifies the death of individualism, the unadmitted realization that individualism these days can bring only one thing—an increased sense of helplessness. Though individualism has never had the strong tradition in America that it has in England (I am thinking of such notable eccentrics as Evelyn Waugh and Thomas Love Peacock), almost every saloon in Chicago used to have its "characters." But perhaps for the first time in Western history, individualism is almost unanimously regarded by the young as a sign not of strength but of weakness, of vulnerability, to be suppressed if at all possible. So in the clubs I am writing about, one rarely if ever finds drunkenness, oddity, the barbaric yawp; such deviations from the norm would presumably be indications that the deviant was succumbing to a despair which only the marmoreal smoothness of the uniform behavior in these clubs can withstand. I have spoken above of promiscuity, but this may have the wrong connotation here; behind the apparent flux in these clubs one can soon sense an etiquette or a pattern as rigid as the movement of atoms in a cell. It is in fact a rite of magic, a mass ceremony designed to propitiate and therefore dispel the forces of despair. The elderly—i.e., anyone over 30—are implicitly excluded; their visages, the emblems of their suffering and failure, would introduce the very fiend which the ceremony is supposed to exorcise.

Such clubs can be found in every major city in the country. At least one women's magazine has been kind enough to print a list of them, with arch little comments on each and the general sentiment that they epitomize the new "liberation" of youth—a liberation which most of us are quite willing to extol so long as it is fictitious. And it is. If anything, these clubs indicate that the despair of society is infecting Americans at a tenderer age than formerly, and that, for the most part, they are falling back on the same old unsolutions. And they are the leaders we deserve: Rush Street their West Point, officers' club, and field of battle rolled into one; beer and chatter their blunted weapons; secretaries or stewardesses their conquests; graduation to the suburbs their guerdon and doom. The military imagery is finally appropriate. All is gaiety and good fellowship in the officers' clubs, even as the stench from the populous stockades becomes almost overwhelming.

—*T. B. Gilmore*

New York

The Vivian Beaumont Theatre of the Lincoln Center of the Performing Arts is easily the best financially endowed repertory theatre in New York, or probably anywhere in America. But despite substantial backing, it has yet to live up to the expectations one might have of it. Productions have been consistently flawed, and the introduction of Shakespeare this season has failed to break the Vivian Beaumont's losing streak. Its *King Lear* was greeted with restrained approval by the New York theatre critics; but the truth about this *Lear*, in all candor, is that it is practically a disaster.

Lee J. Cobb is an actor of considerable stature in the realistic theatre, and his Willy Loman in Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* was one of the most exciting events of the modern American stage. Since *Death of a Salesman*, Cobb has devoted most of his time to movies and television, giving distinction to parts that were too slight for an actor of his talent and power. Perhaps, in compensation, Cobb decided to perform Lear, a role that he would have to aspire *up* to. The role of Lear, almost impossible in all that it requires, has always attracted the leading actors of their day—David Garrick and Sir Henry Irving; Gielgud and Olivier; and most recently Orson Welles, Morris Carnovsky, and Paul Scofield. Lee J. Cobb has the size of a great tragic figure; he can project in his slightest outcries and hesitations an inner largeness—something massive and uncommon. Anyone who has seen Cobb perform would certainly wish to see him attempt Lear, and just as certainly would be dismayed by his failure.

Cobb's failure to interpret Lear apparently grows out of an excessive modesty; he gives the impression of having decided in advance that he would not attempt a grand Lear. But just as one can fail through excess, one can fail also through restraint, and it is on this side that Cobb falters. Instead of giving us the whole Lear, he has given us a part; he does Lear as a figure "four score years and upwards, not a day more or less." As an impersonation of a very, very old man, his voice cracked and faltering, slow and uncertain in his speech, Cobb's performance is admirable; but it is this ventriloquist's impersonation of age that one notices, not the turbulent soul of Lear, which has been almost forgotten. Cobb's Lear is a realistic enactment of an aged proletarian (without real majes-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ty or an inner life), a white-haired and petulant version of Willy Loman. The outward misfortunes of Lear, after all, are as nothing compared with the tempest raging in his mind, as he is made to face at last the cruel and heartbreaking truth of man's life. A character cries "Come, out of the storm," but Cobb never really has entered into the storm; he has never let himself go.

And if you must picture a Lear without grandeur, you must also picture him without madness; for, as Walter Kerr pointed out, Cobb's version of Lear's distraction is a matter of feigning. One always feels that Lear's feet are firmly on the ground; he is too personally in control ever to lose control, even in those scenes in which loss of control is attributed to him. It is for this reason that we are unmoved and unshaken by Lear's fate; his inner suffering has not been communicated. What we have instead are the bare bones of melodrama—villanies and deep betrayals and a stage heaped with corpses— and a surface of spectacle. One misses the drama of the soul in *King Lear* which enthralled Keats.

As for the rest, the supporting cast is consistent with the supporting casts of previous productions, which is to say that it is dismal. Most of the actors have a stiff puppet quality, and the young women who play Goneril and Regan clearly lack vocal training; they express strong emotion by shrieking. Their blank faces are inconsistent with the darkest knowledge of life they are supposed to have; their version of evil is a Bronx housewife hissing at her husband "either you ask your boss for a raise or I leave you." Only one supporting actor stands apart from the others. He is Stacy Keach. Keach portrayed Falstaff brilliantly last summer, and he is equally brilliant in *King Lear* as Gloucester's bastard son, Edmund. Stacy Keach and the fine settings by Ming Cho Lee that evoke a primeval England compensate somewhat for a production that is misguided in its total conception.

The second production at Lincoln Center, alternating in repertory with *King Lear*, is William Gibson's *A Cry of Players*, a play in three acts based on the early life of Shakespeare. *A Cry of Players* is really a speculation in dramatic form about the "missing years" in Shakespeare's life—the years between his early marriage to Anne Hathaway and his departure to London to take up his calling as an actor and playwright. Mr. Gibson has supplied his own version of the unanswerable questions about the nature of Shakespeare's marriage to Mistress Hathaway, and about whether or not Shakespeare was a poacher of deer and a sometime teacher in a country school. In this version, Shakespeare is a lusty young man only beginning to come into knowledge of himself and his vocation; at seventeen he married Anne Hathaway, having first gotten her with child, and they are now at the critical

ROBERT EMMET LONG regularly writes "A Theater Journal" from his home base in Brooklyn Heights.

period of their lives together when she wishes him to accept a position as a school master—and settle down. But a group of players are visiting the town, and his ambitions are stirred, directing him from village responsibility to London and the world, and to art. At the end of *A Cry of Players*, he leaves with Kemp and his band of actors.

The dialogue of *A Cry of Players* is written in contemporary English, and yet evokes something of the atmosphere of the Elizabethan period. The lustiness of this period—including much of its bawdiness—is suggested as the characters function as believeable people in a realistic situation. But the play is also colored by melodrama, particularly in such scenes as the one in which young Will is flogged in the public square as an inciter to "disorder." But however pleasing *A Cry of Players* may be as entertainment, it fails to achieve verisimilitude as a life of young Shakespeare. In one scene, Will hears some lines of Marlowe spoken by one of the players and is inspired to write; the scene seems contrived and is typical of the rather too neatly made-to-order version of Shakespeare in his "missing years." The whole is too much well-made conflicts and resolutions, and the protagonist comes to seem increasingly irrelevant to the original; in this version you must imagine a Sheakespeare who looks like Anthony Perkins.

And, in fact, Frank Langella, who plays the youthful Shakespeare, does resemble Anthony Perkins; for good measure, he also resembles Gregory Peck vocally. Langella was memorable a few seasons ago as Benito Cereno in Robert Lowell's play version of the nouvelle by Melville. Few actors could from the material of Gibson's play convince us that they were the authentic Shakespeare, and neither does Frank Langella; but he is impressive, and if he is not the poet of poets he is nevertheless someone out of the ordinary. Tall, slender, full of stage presence and command, almost narcissistically expressive in his gestures and the use he makes of his body, Langella seems on his way to becoming a very famous young actor. Playing opposite Frank Langella is an actress already quite famous—Anne Bancroft; in the role of Anne Hathaway, Miss Bancroft appears for the third time in a play by William Gibson (she starred previously in Gibson's *Two For The Seesaw* and *The Miracle Worker*). Her Anne is typed—a strong woman who seeks forcefully to hold her younger husband, but who has the understanding to let him go when she must. There is a peculiarity about Miss Bancroft's performance; she is supposed to be eight years older than her husband, but she impresses us as being older than that—a fully matured woman of the world. It is this quality of hardness, of fully knowing the world and having lived in it, that gives her immense charm, even as it seems somewhat in conflict with the play.

Of the two productions, *A Cry of Players* comes off more successfully. It is in some ways merely a vehicle for Anne Bancroft and Frank Langella, and yet it has more warmth and body than the anemic mounting of *King Lear*. Shakespeare does not reign at Lincoln Center this season; he keeps his state, while Miss Bancroft and Mr. Langella entertain the crowd. —*Robert Emmet Long*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN REPRINT

The NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

OLD SERIES:

VOLUMES 1-175, 1815-1902
Library bound set $3,800.00

A. Volumes 1-100, 1815-1865
Library bound set $2,300.00
Per volume, library bound 24.00

B. Volumes 101-175, 1865-1902
Library bound set $1,500.00
Per volume, library bound 22.00

C. Volumes for 1903-1940 *(To be announced)*

NEW SERIES:

VOLUMES 1-2, 1964-1965 *(Now Ready)*
Library bound set $50.00
Per volume, library bound 25.00

Please address all orders & inquiries to:

AMS PRESS, INC.

56 East 13th Street, New York, N. Y. 10003

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A third-party candidate for Congress from Connecticut's Sixth District in 1966, Stephen Minot contemplates the peace-partnership of young radical and not-so-young liberal, and finds it a model of domesticity—quarrelsome, and noisy with broken crockery— and discusses for the first time the proposal (ultimately rejected) that American peace candidates make direct contact with the N.L.F. In less political moods, Mr. Minot is a widely-published fiction writer and a teacher at Trinity College, Hartford.

STEPHEN MINOT

THE LIBERAL-RADICAL MARRIAGE

It's a marriage counselor's nightmare. This liberal-radical union is supercharged with mistrust, plagued with paranoia, and regularly torn apart by outbursts of aggression. When the partners work together, they do so with utmost caution. each eyeing the other's every move. And during their trial separations, each announces to the world that the other is sick and unmistakably dying. Yet their marriage is one of the most enduring on record.

I cannot claim to be an objective observer. In 1966 I ran for Congress as an independent and I depended utterly on this very coalition. I was one of about fifty "peace candidates" in the nation that year and one of two in Connecticut. We organized under the name of the American Independent Movement, AIM, a title which had already been adopted by a neighboring Congressional District. Our own area was large and mainly rural — 47 towns and only three cities. It was evenly divided between Republicans and Democrats and had not experienced a third-party effort since the '40s. We started with no funds, no experience, and no preconceptions about how one might present issues and a candidate to 167,500 voters. What emerged was a District-wide organization with representatives in each of our 47 towns and storefront headquarters in each city. We also had a working coalition which covered the field from dead center to the left-field bleachers. Our innocence and our lack of financial indebtedness to any individual or group made AIM, Sixth District, an almost laboratory-perfect sample of the liberal-radical marriage.

The active work force of about 100 volunteers was as varied as it was committed. The two largest groups were the liberal housewives with experience in local politics or peace groups, and the generally radical students, many with experience in civil rights work. In addition, there were professional men — ACLU types — and a number of artists who, although mostly over 30, tended to side with the students. We had far too few volunteers from labor, though those who were with us made up for their numbers in hours of effort.

The hectic and near-heroic efforts of these volunteers went on for four months, and the spirit of the organization was beautifully intense and outwardly without friction. Yet the brutal fact remained that as candidate I was never able to spend quite as much energy attacking the opposition as I had to spend on emergency first-aid to save the coalition. This was a private, intra-family problem, but it frequently loomed larger in our minds than the war in Vietnam. If, as we assumed, our home and office phones had been bugged, our poor dazed listeners could never have been certain just who our opponents really were.

Rationally, coolly, anyone can see that this sort of dissension is childishly absurd. Both groups share the same basic values. They both, for example, believe in social change, and they both insist that this change should improve the lives of the poor, the blacks, the Spanish-speaking, and all those who have been blocked from political power and walled out of the present prosperity. And for the first time since the Spanish-American war, liberals and radicals are unhesitatingly united in opposing U. S. involvement in a foreign war. What they share, then, is opposition to a wide spectrum of human agony in our cities, our rural slums, and in the nations which we are methodically destroying.

But the areas of division are just as fundamental. Each has a different vision of how our society operates, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

each is committed to a different life style. Is there anything that doesn't come under one of these two headings?

The liberal may not always admit it, but he is still the child of Franklin D. Roosevelt. He tends to believe that progress against injustice must be largely legislative and judicial and therefore gradual. The responsibility for change, then, rests mainly with the Congress and the courts, and the liberal organizer works to improve both. There is a kind of latent optimism in the liberal, for he is able to trust the existing system, and he remains convinced that somehow with the aid of the ACLU and a few legislative doves we have been making progress since the inception of the New Deal.

The radical, on the other hand, mistrusts the legislative system not merely because he has never been represented there but because he sees nothing but promises coming out of legislation itself. And the executive branch is no better. The most dramatic example is the recent "liberal" president who personally and with the support of his "liberal" party scuttled the war on poverty in favor of his war on Asians. Liberals, of course, were not happy at that either, but they tended to be personally hurt and bewildered (Senator Wayne Morse, for example, masochistically reminded audiences how he had campaigned for Johnson in 17 states). Radicals don't feel hurt because they never trusted Lyndon Johnson even when he claimed to be the "peace candidate" for the presidency.

And radicals don't see much hope in the courts either. Their position is dramatically demonstrated by the fact that fifteen years after the Supreme Court desegregation decision, *more* children are in segregated classrooms, not fewer. The radical is not surprised that the courts collectively in the United States never condemn a rich man to die and have never allowed antitrust statutes and tax laws to alter in the slightest way the concentration of power and wealth.

On the positive side, the radical is convinced that the only meaningful change is going to have to be basic: a constitutional overhaul, an economic restructuring, and a reordering of political power. Unlike the Marxist-oriented radical of the '30s, he does not offer a precise blueprint, nor does he demand disciplined methods to achieve those goals. He does, on the other hand, work with local problems and attempts to involve previously non-political citizens.

These differing visions of society, its ailments, and its possible cures lead to differing individual styles of behavior. "Tactics" is perhaps a more commonly used word, but what I am describing here by "style" is more personal and emotionally conditioned.

The liberal instinctively reaches for the top: he writes letters to his school board, his state representatives, his senator, and his president; and he sends carbons to his editor. When he spawns a committee he recalls C. Wright Mills and skims the prestigious top off whatever group he is working with, following a venerable formula of three-tenths professional, three-tenths business, two labor and one well-dressed black. And himself.

His dress tends to be middle class and his speech traditional. He fundamentally (though sometimes apologetically) values the "things" he has worked to acquire: not necessarily crass Cadillacs and swimming pools, but more typically the tranquillity of a gracious home, the exhilaration of a good set of golf clubs, the ritualistic dignity of a good Scotch, and the quiet self-indulgence of an "economical" foreign car.

Like all renegade puritans, his pleasures are constantly being dampened by little waves of guilt which sweep through him like heartburn after an excellent meal. It is natural enough, then, that his vision of the "good society" should be one in which all people can share his pleasures — and relieve him of his post-indulgence distress.

Such motivation should not be treated with levity. After all, it nominated and elected three great Americans and one Texan to the White House.

The radical's life style is in many ways simply an inversion. He insists with equal rigidity on working with the bottom of the economic stack. He seeks out those with the least leverage in the society and performs a perilous conjuring act of directing and leading while at the same time appearing to be merely a brotherly adviser. While the liberal continues to talk about "organization" (a term which he borrowed from the radicals of the 1930s), his new-left counterpart talks about "community." And when he achieves it, he has something truly beautiful.

His language has never become the patois of the hippy for the simple reason that he has not cut himself off from the society which he is attempting to radicalize, but there are enough differences in vocabulary and social conventions to identify a stranger as liberal or radical in three minutes of casual conversation. A new volunteer in a political headquarters, for example, is often categorized as a liberal simply because he introduces himself by first and last name or comments on the weather or supplies one of those little conversational bridges like, "Well, you all look very busy here."

Returning to AIM, Sixth District, we had two major tasks, each of which was essential to any sort of coalition. First, we had to integrate two fundamentally different motivations for running an independent candidate at all. And, second, we had to run an office which was almost evenly divided between what anthropologists would call two antagonistic cultural systems. That is, two life styles which were, literally, like black and white.

The liberals' reason for supporting a "peace candidate" rests almost wholly on their opposition to the war. In fact, the phrase itself was invented by them. Radical candidates like Bob Cook of New Haven, the originator of AIM, suffered under that title and was quick to redefine himself right after the election. More about that later.

The liberal's support, then, is based on a single issue and it is also rooted in the conviction that the best way to oppose the war is through the Congress. The hope is to compel the major-party candidates to debate foreign

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

policy and then to prove with votes that a pro-war position is politically disastrous. Without a third candidate, Republicans and Democrats have for the past three Congressional elections frequently been able to act as if there were no Vietnam. Although they can continue this attempt even with a third candidate, the public's demand for debates and three-way public appearances usually forces their hands. And in those cases where the district is evenly divided between each of the major parties, a third candidate can have a decisive effect on the results.

Our situation was just what liberals could believe in. Neither Republican nor Democratic candidate had the slightest reservations about the glory of our crusade in Vietnam, and so they in effect had declared the issue to be non-existent. They had been supported by an extraordinary press release issued jointly by the Republican and Democratic National Committees in the spring of 1966 stating that our military involvement in Vietnam should not become an issue in the coming campaigns. Clearly it would take a third candidate in our district before the issue which shared top-billing in the minds of the voters (equal with inflation at the time) would even be mentioned by the major-party candidates.

For these reasons we drew liberals from the Democratic party — including many anti-Johnson members of town committees — and even raided the Republican camp. In three or four of our most active towns (where we eventually received our highest share of the vote — 14%), the AIM town committee was run and staffed almost entirely by Republicans. They had been bitter for two years over the Goldwater putsch and the debacle which followed. Most of what they had feared in Goldwater had been enacted with stunning "success" by President Johnson, so they were essentially disenfranchised in the same way liberal Democrats had been. As one of our financial supporters told me, "I never thought I'd vote for a man who would support things like the negative income tax and open housing; but hell, the war is the only issue now." And indeed, for most liberals it was.

Radicals, on the other hand, see the war as merely one symptom of a pernicious interlocking of the military, business, and governmental powers within our society. Some see the war as a valuable exposure of a system which existed long before our first soldier was killed in Vietnam. Others identify with the North Vietnamese in the spirit of the old Lincoln Brigade. But in any case, their motivation for supporting a "peace candidate" is not so much a simple desire for peace in Vietnam as a determination to restructure the values, political power, and economic opportunity in our country.

Disagreements showed up early in a continuing debate as to whether our campaign should be single-issue oriented or a broadly-based crusade, attacking all social ills. But this did not develop as a disruptive problem in the early period partly because we were all too busy organizing the district and collecting the 1,000 signatures necessary to be placed on the ballot.

And, too, my campaign like all others — dove, hawk,

MARVIN BELL

WORLD WAR III

I

You post a sign,
"We have gone to the cellar to die."

Ready to descend,
you hear the motors of airplanes.

You look up to see
the American right wing.

You think of the euphemism for pay:
"This is the day the eagle craps."

II

All the planes are driven
by suicide pilots.

The young fliers are ready to drown,
to fill the oceans, if need be,

while the fish cough
on dry land.

Mountains will fill valleys,
the beaches fuse.

III

You decide against shelter.
Instead, you stand on your porch.

In the sun,
that old fireball,

you stand on your porch with your family.
You tell them not to worry.

It's a nice day, you say,
such warmth on your skin.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or ostrich — was run on a remarkably undemocratic basis. I say this sadly, but also without qualification. A campaign for office is a highly personal act no matter how many workers are involved, and even when one hires speech writers (which neither I nor most peace candidates did), the "policy" of the candidate is the content he decides to put into his speeches. One may construct executive or steering committees, but under the battle conditions of a campaign, a candidate can only listen to those immediately around him — usually those in the car when he is going from one appearance to the next.

So we became a multi-issue campaign not by any collective decision, but because that was the kind of statement I wanted to make. And as long as we were desperately busy, those who disagreed managed to live with it.

There were also disagreements in the area of what I have been calling the "life style." It struck me as outrageously petty to ask students who were working some fifteen hours a day to wear shirts and ties, but I did so, finally, in the name of old-politics (and was vindicated two years later with the "clean for Gene" policy). But the office wrangles were more than matters of dress, and as I had less and less time to deal with them directly I found myself finishing each day — at about 2:00 A.M. — with hour-long conversations about life style.

Students, for example, are largely nocturnal and never hesitate to call a meeting for one a.m. or deliver pamphlets by motorcycle to a quiet, residential area at 2:30, baffled when they cannot rouse the over-30 recipient. The over-30, on the other hand, places ritualistic reverence on the hour of nine a.m., and if a telephone call to headquarters at 9:10 is not answered, this is unmistakable evidence that disaster is at hand.

The distinctions are even gastric. Under-30 operates largely without food and is impatient with the time-oriented breaks by which over-30 punctuates his day.

My mind aches as I recall how desperately important these distinctions became under the distortions of fatigue. Yet good marriages fail on issues no greater. So I offer one last example as an indication of how subtle the differences in life style can be.

The charge — by a dedicated over-30 — was that a full-time, student volunteer was surly, insolent, and was driving away all adult volunteers. The particulars were numerous, but the one which culminated that hour's attack was that not once did he say "thanks" to those who had folded and stuffed envelopes for hours. The following morning there was a lull between the 5:30-7:30 period at the factory gates and a breakfast meeting at 9:30, and I was able to talk the matter over with the culprit. He readily admitted that he did not and could not say "thanks" to volunteers. "What kind of hypocrisy would that be?" he asked me. "They aren't doing *me* a favor, we're all in this together as equals."

Life style can be that simple. And that basic. It was philosophical and linguistic differences like that which led to a shattering division about midway in the campaign. The drive to collect signatures was finished with a splendid 500% excess. There was a lull. In that slight pause while we all took a breath heading for the final push, the liberal-radical coalition suddenly fell apart — not on any broad, philosophical point but over the question of whether our major piece of campaign literature was to be a highly readable "tabloid" or a highly respectable "pamphlet."

The tabloid was already in the making. It was to be like a newspaper in every way — paper, headings, articles, pictures. There were to be brief editorials written in Hearst style — "It's Your Choice!" and "Can Minot Win?" Admittedly corn. And a Feiffer cartoon. And a picture of the candidate as a Pfc. in the Army Air Corps, a picture of his wife and children, and even a peace-oriented crossword puzzle.

The counter-proposal was sprung at a surprise lunch meeting. In attendance was an outside advertising "expert" who told us in detail why the tabloid would be an absolute disaster. It was aimed at "people who won't vote anyway," it was "insulting" to anyone who had received "as much as a year of college," and, most serious of all, it touched on "a hundred different issues as if the war was just a mere sympton of what's wrong." Of course.

The pamphlet, on the other hand, was the only way we could achieve "legitimacy" in the eyes of the public. it appealed to the "average" voter and particularly to the "independent thinker."

Numb with fatigue, I could feel the seams of the organization coming apart. Committed as I was to the tabloid — which was a masterpiece of journalism composed largely by a fulltime college-age volunteer, Randy Furst — I could only sit there calculating the number of sincere, dedicated liberals who would resign at the end of the meeting.

Shaken and purged, we then moved on to the final phase of the campaign. We were still a coalition, but we had to operate without as full a spectrum as we had enjoyed previously. Those remaining grew too busy to argue. We ran off 100,000 copies of the tabloid and were distributing as many as possible by hand before turning to the mails. Like a platoon which began to fall apart while on R & R but "shaped up" when in combat again, we reached our greatest heights while under fire.

It was not until after election day that the old coalition once again went through agony. Assessments varied depending on whether they were given from a liberal or a radical point of view. Generally speaking, it was the liberals who were the most pleased. What we had achieved was close to what they had previously defined as "success."

The New Republic, for example, in its review of all the "peace candidacies" across the nation that year, rated ours as the only one which really made a differ-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ence because we had been able to unseat a hawk (Democratic) incumbent. Flattering as this assessment was, it caused us a lot of embarrassment. Our $21,000 campaign was one of the smaller independent Congressional fights. The $35,000 which our neighbor Bob Cook spent in the 3rd District was closer to the average. And although our dollar-to-vote ratio was far higher than the national average, our vote (5,731) represented only 3.3% of the total vote. We were privately impressed at our stronger communities where our percentage rose to 14% and where we were able to cut the Democratic incumbent's vote by 50%. But the public (and *The New Republic*) was only impressed by the fact that we cleared 5,731 votes, unseating the Democratic incumbent who lost by 2,042.

From a radical point of view, success could only be measured by how solid a constituency we had built. Radicals are not impressed at the technique of shooting down hawks, even, as in this case, when you force them out of politics altogether. The fact remains that the Republican we placed in office is not much better in foreign affairs (anti-Tonkin Bay but pro-war) and far worse in domestic policy (pro-rat and anti-student).

It is to my mind enormously dangerous to assume that the goal of an independent campaign must be either to win or to penalize one of the major-party candidates. To do so would first of all eliminate 99% of such candidacies before they got started. Short of a national third-party movement (which is only now a real possibility), candidates simply can't get to Congress as the weakest contender in a three-way race. And very few Congressional Districts are so evenly divided that an amateur campaign can do more than ruffle the feathers of a hawk.

Equally serious, to assume that the goal of the peace candidate is to affect Congress somehow also suggests that most of those hard-fought crusades which took place across the country in 1966 were in fact failures. Even the McCarthy effort in 1968 must be rated a failure. I don't believe it.

The goal of an independent fight is, I am convinced, to build a constituency. That is, the campaign is a way of drawing previously non-political individuals into liberal activity and converting former liberals into radicals, all of whom stay together as an organized political force after the election. Viewed this way, most of the independent campaigns that year were "successful."

That period of transition between our campaign and the organization which followed was not, however, an easy one. Like the mid-race lull, it was a time for discussion. And dissension.

Specifically, we had three resignations from the Central Committee of 35, and all of them were from our more conservative, northern areas. Although each individual raised different issues, the pattern was a sloughing off of the more cautious, liberal wing of the coalition. We also lost student support. So the organization has continued to be a coalition, but the span is far narrower today than it was during the campaign.

Clearly our campaign experiences serve as a good example of the coalition, and our post-election activities provide more insight. But it is only when one puts our experiences together with the other campaigns across the country that one can start generalizing. Here are three axioms:

1. These coalitions hold together only when activity is intense. They become instable with the first lull.

2. During the period of cooperation, individual radicals become liberal and liberals become radicalized — for the duration only.

3. The coalition creates an unconscious but surprisingly rigid division of labor: liberals raise the funds and deliver the votes while radicals supply the vocabulary and the leg-work. Few political campaigns (or major demonstrations) can be successfully conducted without both major divisions.

This first point, the need for activity, was clear enough in the case of AIM, Sixth District. But I did not see it as a pattern until after the campaign. It was only then that I was able to talk with other candidates and was surprised that each one of them had gone through a desparate period of division at about the two-thirds point of the campaign. In each case, resignations were threatened or in fact given. And although in each case the surface issue was different, the division was clearly along liberal-radical lines.

The second point has to do with the radicalizing of liberals and the muting of radicals. The first half of this proposition is widely accepted and recognized by the liberals themselves. Even back in the '30s the liberals were uneasy with their own position and looked forward to their transformation like adolescent school children whose virginity is a stigma. Innocence has never been popular.

The liberalization of radicals is a more controversial issue. A radical may *say* that he is solely interested in building a constituency and he may scorn any compromise with conventional electioneering, but he is in fact as driven by the hope of votes as a good student is, almost against his will, driven by the desire for grades. In addition, he soon responds to a sense of loyalty in all his workers. Even if *he* isn't interested in votes, his organization is.

As a case in point, of all the Congressional candidates that year, only one (Robert Scheer) departed from conventional costume and ignored the middle-class conventions of propriety. The self-restraint was rooted in the determination to appear "legitimate" as opposed to "a kook." I myself vetoed a plan which I had devised early in the campaign — a three-day "peace march" from one end of the District to the other. The pressure for respectability and the hunger for those liberal votes had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

caught hold of me — an error in judgment which I would not repeat.

Sometimes the self-restraint achieved heroic proportions. Bob Cook's campaign in the Third Congressional District resembled ours, except that he was better organized and better financed. But as soon as the election was over, he revealed how difficult it had been for him to pose as a typical "peace candidate." We were both invited by SANE to speak at a post-election meeting, and he took the occasion to explain that he had never really been aginst the war, that any kind of peace settlement in Vietnam would merely postpone the third world war toward which we were inevitably heading, and that his role was simply to establish the base and the leadership which would rebuild from the rubble.

It was an anti-SANE speech, but to me it was an understandable release from the repression of campaign oratory. In fairness to Bob Cook, I should say that his real view is probably half-way between the qualified Wayne Morse stand he and I both took during the campaign and the spectacularly pro-Armageddon position he took that night.

But the finest example of self-restraints by radicals came in September, 1966, in an adventure which until now has been kept secret. Two highly dedicated opponents of the war took a long, hard look at what we were doing as peace candidates and came up with a dramatic proposal. We should, they argued, collectively as peace candidates talk directly with the N.L.F.

In detail, they argued that we should send a delegation to the N.L.F. either in North Vietnam or in Paris in the name of from four to six peace candidates. This delegation would urge the N.L.F. to agree publicly to meet in Paris with the hope that the United States would sit down at the table with them. And if, as we assumed, the United States refused to attend such an open meeting, then we as candidates for Congress (or our representatives) would attend. We would be serving as a kind of "cabinet in exile," announcing to the world that at least some Americans were in favor of immediate peace negotiations.

The mechanics of conveying such an argument to Congressional candidates in the middle of a campaign were complex to say the least. Since the venture could have been interpreted as illegal, and since none of us trusted either our telephones or our homes for private conversations, there were a series of face-to-face meetings in unlikely places which included only the candidates and their campaign managers. For some of us, having a five-hour blank space in our campaigning schedule proved extremely difficult to explain to our own staffs, and in one case the stink of conspiracy almost shattered an entire organization.

The really significant part of this somewhat bizarre plot, however, is the fact that in spite of intense and often brilliant argument on the part of the instigators, and in spite of their willingness to finance the first phase, not one single candidate was willing to associate his name with the plan.

As one candidate put it, "You're asking me to risk every vote I've been able to get." This is not the phrasing of a radical. It's not even liberal. It's old politics.

My own feeling was rooted in the organization itself. I had the nightmare vision of a national outcry the week before the election. It was not the votes so much as the silent accusation of those desperately loyal and dedicated volunteers. I had been trapped by a sense of obligation to those I could never repay just as solidly as traditional candidates become trapped by obligations to generous financial donors.

My third point about the liberal-radical marriage is that it creates its own division of labor. The fact is that like men and women, liberals and radicals each can do certain things that the other cannot. No amount of blurring of lines will alter this.

Liberals, for example, can raise money. Radicals by themselves can no more raise money than a male can single-handedly produce a child. This is not to say that all liberals *have* money, but they frequently know others who do. And they know the language with which to ask for it. The guilt which they often feel for not being activists is a natural lubricant for generosity.

Liberals can also turn out the vote. Radicals are a tiny minority within a minority. They tend to alienate everyone but the liberals — and sometimes even them. It is almost impossible for radicals to mount a major effort without the liberals. Even in national demonstrations like those in New York and Washington, radicals voiced the alarm and activated groups of varied political persuasions, but it was the liberals who filled the busses. And paid for them.

Conversely, liberals divorced or separated from radicals simply go limp. The finest example of political failure in America today is the liberal fiasco called the A.D.A. We owe it a debt of thanks for illustrating so clearly how *not* to be effective. Concentrating on banquets, directives from the top, and support for the Democratic establishment, it has with stunning success alienated students, blacks, teachers, and even the anti-war activists. And not without brilliance: some of our greatest minds, our most dedicated theorists, have helped to create this institutionalized apologist for the Hubert Humphreys of America. Not just minds — money too! Their pamphlets gleam with professionalism.

Yet with all this, the A.D.A. can only wait with patient, supine expectancy for conception which everyone knows will never come. The old girl is barren!

What she lacks is the vitality — student power — necessary for real leg-work (sending out press releases is no substitute), and the vocabulary to address herself to root problems, and the willingness to allow chapters to work freely on the local level. All three of these characteristics are associated with the radical movement.

Stepping back, now, from the clutter of specifics, we see a marriage in which a fundamental incompatibility is about evenly matched with mutual dependence. It's about time we stopped looking for concord. There are more important battles outside the family.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Story by Stephen Gray

THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES

Lindos was the second town on Rhodes, as Harriet said, Mrs. Karla Samsourian, wife of Joseph Samsourian, mother of Harriet, but a woman in her own right, lay back in the Hotel Aphrodite, above the bay of Lindos, and thought about it.

They arrived, mother and daughter, sharing their overnight case, which couldn't possibly be enough for four nights. As they set foot off the bus, an old Greek woman collared them, smiled and beckoned and smiled that they should stay with her. Harriet said there were no hotels in Lindos, according to *Europe on $5*. The Hotel Aphrodite was really a private home. But Mrs. Samsourian and her daughter had a room leading onto the roof from which they could see everything.

The courtyard had pebble mosaics in it. Mosaics were a bone of contention with Harriet, since that morning.

"Look, just look at that mosaic, Harriet," Mrs. Samsourian said. They were in the Palace of the Grand Frankish Master of the town of Rhodes. The panorama gave way to the harbor below, with its embracing arms. On the end of each arm were the pediments where the bronze feet of the Colossus had stood.

"Dolphins! how beautiful. Oh, Harriet, if Joseph were here, your father, I wouldn't rest until he says we can have it for the aquarium back in Connecticut, he can't refuse me. Did you ever see anything so exquisite, such craftsmanship, honey, now wasn't it worth crossing the Atlantic to see that? If your father were here, he—"

But Harriet was looking out the window.

"Harriet," Mrs. Samsourian called her back, "don't you agree with me about the mosaic, we simply must have one." She came face to face with her blank daughter.

Harriet didn't normally smile. She found it confusing to express anything visually. She preferred, if necessary, to use only her tongue, whipping it round her palate in a series of brief signals not even her mother could decode in all their profundity. If her tongue failed, now that she was faced with so many people that didn't speak English at all, she always had her hands. A European summer had trained them in all the human intricacies of mime — she could ask for drinking water, hamburgers, aspirin, the nearest convenience — all with her hands. She barely kept up vocal contact with her mother. She was a fragile puppet who peeked out of her long hair and indicated what she wanted by bodily spasms, only when the occasion really demanded it.

"What's the matter, Harriet?" Mrs. Samsourian asked, stroking her daughter's hair.

"Nothing, Karla. I can see the Colossus, that's all, but you wouldn't understand."

Mrs. Samsourian let the golden charms on her brace-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

let trickle down her daughter's shoulder. They were solid gold and Joseph had bought them for her in Paris — miniature Eiffel Towers, anchors and gondolas. "Now Harriet," she said, "we have to take the ancients on credit, don't we? I mean, we don't even know there was a Colossus in the first place."

"There was," said Harriet, "I can just see it standing there, like on the postcards."

"Honey, come and look at this mosaic."

"Imagine, Karla," Harriet continued, and Mrs. Samsourian stopped her itchy, stroking movement. "Being plied across the Aegean, sea after sea, and then welcomed by that massive thing, with it getting taller and taller, your trireme or quinquireme coming up to its toes. Then as you enter the calmer water and relax, drifting in, right between its legs. It's almost obscene, isn't it, Karla?"

"It would have been swathed in robes, honey."

"You know classical statues weren't, until the Christians," Harriet posed. "Anyway, they wouldn't have the labor to make all that length of robes."

"Harriet, honey, I guess that's enough."

"It was colossal, I know."

"Don't brood on such things, it's not good for you."

Mrs. Samsourian crossed to the mosaic and stood on it. She was about to speak as Harriet came up with her cry of the last few hours: "Hurry, Karla, we're going to Lindos. The purser said it is fine, so did the little man who brought us in from the ship. Not one hotel there, we can live naturally. Hurry, Karla."

"This mosaic has dolphins . . . "

"Oh Karla, we've seen all of this town. The bus for Lindos goes at three. Are you coming or not?" Harriet slouched through to the next room of the palace.

Mrs. Samsourian ran after, removing her dark glasses and sunhat. She looked hard at her daughter. Harriet had that white make-up on. It was difficult for either of them to believe they were related, in terms of blood, genes, time or taste.

"Harriet, why do you always *do* and *want* and *get* the very opposite of what I want for you — always? Can't I do *anything* right? That mosaic is so pretty. The Colossus never existed, you know that! Sometimes I think you do it to spite me. What's wrong, honey, we've come all this way at your wish. Can't I do anything right?"

Harriet's face blanked over, not registering either disgust or approval, or even acknowledgment.

"Let me take that flower out of your hair, it makes you all sticky," said Mrs. Samsourian.

"Hurry up, Karla, or we'll miss the bus to Lindos."

It was unbearably hot in Lindos, even at night. The old Greek woman cackled in the courtyard downstairs. No doubt she would be quieter if there were more guests. It was impossible to sleep. Harriet had taken a handful of coins to buy two TV dinners, as Mrs. Samsourian wasn't up to her first Greek meal. Joseph had tried to take care of their meal situation by booking them on the Adriatica ship.

She lay back on the pillow. Her hair was undone so the hot breeze from the roof blew it like flies landing on her forehead. The walls and windowframes were so white. The whole town of Lindos was white, and cubic. Each cubic house clustered away from the alleys, cube next to white cube. Now the flat roofs were bedrooms for people going to sleep in Lindos. If someone was playing a flute way over the rooftops, it was too romantic for her.

The yellow dog in the courtyard was snuffling. She thought Joseph Samsourian would like Lindos very much. He will want to know where Harriet is. She's gone to buy a family dinner just for ourselves.

Those poor Greek dogs never have a square meal, always scavenging for their food and affection, with rickets and cutting their eyes on tincans. Strays should be put out, Karla, we can never have a meal in peace, said Joseph. After London, Paris when Harriet translated all the menus only to find they were printed in English on the other side; after London, Paris, Geneva, the Prado and sidewalk meals under the Vatican with successive titbits all the way, in Vienna and Frankfurt and Copenhagen, capital cities respectively, when Harriet wanted clothes from right back where they'd started, Carnaby Street, London — using that white make-up round her lips, like a puppet, making her say nothing, not even nod in complaint, even when Joseph, her father, decided he had a business contact — haven't you heard me speak of my business contact, just a quick visit, Venice isn't pleasant in the heat of August, the canals smell, far, far better take a cruise, you know how slowly Italian industry moves, Karla, I'm sorry, but what can I do? Then her husband came to see them off on the Adriatica ship, in a pink Ferrari, which Harriet doesn't understand at all.

She turned over gazing at the clock. Harriet had been away one whole hour. She had promised she'd be back in fifteen minutes.

It's not easy to be a mother when you're forty-five.

Mrs. Karla Marghereta Florence Samsourian wound up the alarm, figuring that if she chose an end to her sleep it would induce the beginning of it.

The only thing Joseph had ever taught her about business was the signing of travelers' cheques. She insisted on lending her full name to every financial transaction for the sake of the security this offered. Joseph spent the first year of their married life, before she became expectant with little Harriet, when everything changed, persuading her not to use her entire signature

---

STEPHEN GRAY has recently finished a stay in Chile, where he was working on a novel. He is a native of South Africa and lives now in Johannesburg. For two years he was a part of the Iowa Fiction Workshop.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Karla Marghereta Florence MacDougall Samsourian. The MacDougalls were a noteworthy antique-manufacturing company whom Joseph Samsourian, who was in reinforced concrete, chose not to immortalize. "Half of Manhattan owes itself physically to your father," Mrs. Samsourian was known to tell Harriet intermittently, "whereas the other half, what goes into those buildings, comes from my side, I guess."

The purser on the Adriatica ship knew that. He helped Mrs. Samsourian with her notes. That was something she had spent the whole preceding winter back in Connecticut preparing. Harriet did the French parts, the purser filled in the Italian and Greek. She did actually have a list of pertinent phrases in fourteen different languages. It was so complicated, but the only way to get around. Often she held up WHERE IS THE CHAUFFEUR? for HOW MUCH IS THE SELF-DRIVE? Her favorite mistake was RARE TO MEDIUM which always cropped up when she looked for MEDIUM TO OVERDONE. "Why, Harriet, you're smiling, I guess," she said the first time she did that.

It was in the same spirit of merriment that she accepted Harriet's plan to by-pass the Eastern Mediterranean. "Karla, Joseph need know nothing about it," Harriet said. Harriet smiled all the way down from Venice through Dubrovnik, Piraeus and Mykonos, whenever she thought about her plan.

Joseph's telegrams of greetings always read: KEEP SPARKLING STOP BUSINESS TERRIBLE STOP WISH I WERE WITH YOU BELOVED FAMILY STOP DADDY. If business were that bad and Venice couldn't be propped up with concrete, let it sink. The purser could screw the telegrams up at Larnaca, Beirut, Haifa, Beirut, and Larnaca. Their air-conditioned portside cabin could remain locked and untouched till their return.

"It would hurt your father to know we jumped ship, Harriet dear. We'll have to tell him later," Mrs. Samsourian said that morning. They were waiting in the customs house, watching their overnight luggage, to which was pinned a note reading: AS QUICK AS POSSIBLE and NOTHING TO DECLARE.

But then things started to go wrong. The radio officer had reserved them a doubleroom facing the sea in the Royal Scandinavian Hotel in Rhodes itself. It was a reply paid telegram. Mrs. Samsourian had the confirmation in her pocketbook.

The customs official kept them an hour. What else could you expect in a paradise island in a military dictatorship? He didn't bother to read the note which was in English, French and Greek — Harriet had filled in the French translation weeks before — and dispatched them with a red stripe all over their one article of luggage.

"We've got two hours to see where the Colossus stood. Hurry, Karla."

"What about our reservations, Harriet, we'll never make the bus so we might just as well stay here." Mrs. Samsourian preferred civilization. "There's nothing at Lindos, honey. We can take a regular Chat tour there tomorrow. Chat tours cover the whole island."

But Harriet had slipped her. She was several yards ahead already.

"Please can I have an ice cream, Karla?"

"We have no Greek money, Harriet."

"Cash a check, Karla."

"All right, but get out the DO YOU ACCEPT TRAVELERS CHECKS? please."

"The ice cream seller can't read, Karla."

Harriet had it fixed. All Mrs. Samsourian had to do was apply her full signature.

As they walked into the town of Rhodes, Mrs. Samsourian asked again: "What about our reservations?"

"So, we don't show up. Are they going to call us in Connecticut about it?"

"All right, Harriet, you win, I guess. We'll go to Lindos, I guess. But help me carry this case, will you. It is for both of us, I guess."

And they walked out into the clear Mediterranean heat.

Harriet returned in time to switch off her mother's alarm before it went off. She put down beside her mother a can of corned beef, two dry rolls, and half a handful of coins. She tiptoed to the mirror and started combing her long hair back into place. She must use the waterproof mascara tomorrow.

At her feet sat the yellow dog. He had followed her in from the courtyard. Harriet knew it spent most of its day curled up under the old Greek woman's carnations. It was bat-eared. The food she carried no doubt attracted it away from its resting place.

"Keep quiet, little dog," Harriet said, giving it a little pat on the head, "my mother is fast asleep." The dog sat and panted close to Mrs. Samsourian's bed.

Harriet went onto the roof. She never doubted that this was the right place to be. The doors of the houses, ochre, green and blue by day, were now all purple in the moonlight, and each had a small black hand on it as a knocker. A special type of hand, like Demetrios'.

Above her there was the Acropolis. She could see its silhouette. If she had the guts, she'd get Demetrios to take her up there right now. The columns that stuck up were gigantic. But she hardly knew him. The movie would be a better idea.

It was cool at last. She sat on a chair on the roof, her hands on the inside of her thighs. Her arms were suntanned and sparkled in the moonlight.

The only way she could keep track of her thoughts was with a straight face. She didn't know whether to unravel or plan first. The latter depended on the former. Of all things, it was a Barbara Stanwyck movie they were going to show outside the grocery store tomorrow night. All she could think of was Barbara Stanwyck. Her father thought Barbara Stanwyck had staying power, it's an achievement to be consistently the same for so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many decades. I'm only eighteen, Harriet thought, but I admire my father. If he were from the movies, talent-scouting in a pink Ferrari, he'd pick Demetrios.

Demetrios' hands aren't hairy. So maybe his chest and legs aren't hairy. Tomorrow night at the movies they would look up from Barbara Stanwyck on the screen and he would tell her about the millions and zillions of real stars over Lindos.

She ran over the scene in the grocery store in her mind. She asked him for TV dinners and Demetrios said his father was away getting the movie. He spoke terrible English. She tried French but that put him off.

"Hello," she said, "my mother's sick and I want American food."

"You American?" Demetrios asked.

"Why yes, how did you guess?"

Then he said he wanted to go to America. "New York, New York, plenty dollars."

"Why of course," Harriet said, "how nice. I'm an American actually."

Demetrios had a can of corned beef off the shelf. He was holding it out to her.

"Thank you," Harriet said. There was no-one in the shop, the town was completely deserted. "And I'll have some rolls to go with it."

He was standing up the ladder, reaching up to the top shelf. He was really very impressive. He held out a can of milk. Harriet had to reach right across the counter to catch it. She deciphered the label which read: MOTHER'S BEST BREAST MILK which was advertised everywhere.

"Thank you, but I'll have bread instead," said Harriet.

He was down on the floor again, his hands on the counter in front of her. "You're going to New York?" she asked, adding quickly: "New York, and you can come back and buy up half of Lindos."

She shouldn't have said that as though money counted so much. The qualities he had, for example, were priceless.

"Forever I go — to America," he said.

"Are you really going?" she asked, as if to add: Please do, here's my address, drop round.

She had to check back over precisely what he had said: "Of course I go — *for you.*"

She was leaning over the counter, paying for the can of corned beef. "In America you have little skirts and big cars," he said.

"Yes, how did you know?" Then, because his hand was close to her navel as if he was going to push it and start a machine, she added: "You do speak good English."

"I see America in the movies."

"Oh, what's showing tomorrow night?"

Then she stooped over the counter because Demetrios was whispering in her ear: "*For you I go to America.*"

He always talked in the present tense. She knew he wasn't going right that moment. Obviously he identified her with the U.S. She wasn't sure whether to accept or reject the compliment.

Instead she scrutinized him with his hand on her belly. "You have pretty teeth," she said candidly.

"Of course," he said.

"Not all Greeks have pretty teeth. I haven't seen many Greeks but you have very pretty teeth, very sound, healthy."

"You have teeth in America?" he asked.

"No, I mean these," she said, putting her finger on his lower lip. "*Teeth,* you know." She ran the end of her nail along his bottom teeth. That sounded good.

"Ah," he said, "my teeth is Greek teeth."

She was hoping he would bend down and kiss her. But this remark made her burst into giggles. He is funny, she thought, he doesn't stop at anything, always willing to make a joke. She backed away down the store, jabbing her fingers into everything. She wanted him to say how America was miniskirts and long, long automobiles again, why he was going there to see her. Even more she wanted the tips of her fingers to touch his eyes, his nose. She wanted him to say that America was beautiful, him to invite her to the movies, him to sit beside her so that she could see the screen through his eyes.

She caught herself saying: "I'll have two rolls and it's tomorrow night the movie."

"Of course," he replied, handing her two rolls and more change. His hands were very unhairy.

She didn't dare ask him to ask her for the date for the movie which she saw from the poster starred Barbara Stanwyck.

But he was talking anyway. He said: "You go to America by sea?"

"Yes, of course, Demetrios."

Then he replied with a curious line. "The sea is very bumpy."

Suddenly she remembered she was on the rooftop overlooking the sea, her mother, her mother's alarm-clock.

Mrs. Samsourian grunted in her sleep, and the yellow dog, as if in reply, sat up and whined. That was enough to wake her.

Harriet, where have you been—"

"I've inspected all of Lindos—"

"How could you when—"

"Trying to find some damn thing for you to *eat.*"

"I'm not hungry."

Mrs. Samsourian sat up in bed. She was going to remark that at least it was cooler now — her brows were in a sweat and her pancake make-up was chilled through. "No, Harriet, I'm not hungry at all. I must lose weight. So it's a shame you stayed out so long."

Harriet loped to the bedside table, held up the can of corned beef and started to uncurl the lid.

"What are you doing that for, honey, I just said I wasn't hungry."

"Well maybe I am, Karla, did you think of that?"

"Oh, honey, I'm sorry, forgive me, it's just that I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

didn't sleep very well and I worry about being in this place. We can go and have breakfast in a proper hotel tomorrow."

"There isn't one."

"Are you sure, Harriet?"

"Yes. Don't you see the whole point, Karla — to not be like a tourist. Tomorrow morning we'll take donkeys to the Acropolis and you can write letters. We make a light luncheon on the table — the old woman won't mind. Say, doesn't she talk a lot, Karla? At night we go to the taverna for our main meal. It's all planned."

"You do present me with things, Harriet."

"And in the afternoon we take a boatride, you'd like to take a boatride, Karla, now be honest with yourself. I know someone who will take us out."

Mrs. Samsourian gave a jerk of surprise. She grabbed up her hair and held her face, as if the dog just below her was going to attack her. It looked as though it would.

Harriet emptied the corned beef onto the floor to deflect the animal. "Nothing fierce about this dog, Karla, it's a nice dog, just hangs around, no harm in it at all."

Mrs. Samsourian looked at the dog pursuing rolls and corned beef round the floor. It ate gently but very quickly, licked its lips with one short revolution and left its tongue hanging out. Mrs. Samsourian patted it on the head. Then she said, as she monotonously stroked the yellow dog's head: "Why didn't you warn me you'd stay out so long? I'm glad you've planned such a nice day for tomorrow, but why didn't you *warn* me?"

Harriet didn't answer.

"It's not easy when you're forty-five," said the mother.

The next day was going to be a perfect twenty-four hours.

With the crisp dawn they had Nescafe and jam brought to them in bed by the old Greek — they reclined in their sheets and looked out at the bay changing through various shades of blue. The whole town came alive: the donkeys clattering through the alleys, emerging five minutes later at the other end of the labyrinth bearing triumphant, brightly-dressed Chat tourists; the old men dragging ice from door to door; children taking more dress material to the arcade. They had slept with the dog between them.

There was nothing they couldn't do together.

At 9:00 a.m. Harriet had two donkeys lined up. She took a long time discussing something with a rather smooth Greek who wasn't associated with the donkey drivers. "Fine, Demetrios," Harriet said.

And by 9:10 a.m. they were off, the bat-eared dog trotting behind them.

"Who's he?" Mrs. Samsourian asked.

"Who, Demetrios?"

"I caught his name, but who is he?"

"We're hiring a boat from him at three."

"Does he speak French?" Mrs. Samsourian asked. Two semesters at Iowa State, even if it was a bit far away, had done Harriet good, but she had to keep in practice.

"Look out, Karla, or you'll fall off your donkey."

The willing donkeys clattered higher and higher, dragging their drivers ever forward.

"I do think it's superb, the Acropolis, Harriet."

"What are you going to call the dog, Karla?"

"Is it still following us?"

Demetrios the boatman came up beside Harriet, resting his arm on her donkey's saddle. Harriet gazed past her mother, a vague smile on her face. Mrs. Samsourian bent down to cheer the dog. Everything stopped.

As she rose, spurring her donkey on, she said: "I'm sure your friend speaks perfect French. Tell him to leave off till this afternoon, honey."

The yellow dog bounced ahead, through the overflow of the houses being washed down. It was a gallant dog. Mrs. Samsourian thought she'd christen it Hector after the battle of Troy. Harriet agreed, turning as gracefully as possible to call: "Hector, Hector," and see if Demetrios was following.

"I don't mind you taking the night out, Harriet, as long as you ask me first," said Mrs. Samsourian, "you know that."

"Can I ask you then?"

They were stepping out under the shadow of the columns. Hector sniffed them.

"Didn't I just say you could?"

Mrs. Samsourian paused, about to remark that the bay on the other side must be the traditional landing place of St. Paul.

"Can I go out tonight then, Demetrios has invited me to the movies."

"If you ask you can, Harriet."

On the way down from the Acropolis, the donkeys stopped for Harriet to pick up a photo someone had taken on the way up. In the enlargement Mrs. Samsourian's rear was foremost as she bent to the dog and Harriet was smiling vaguely as Demetrios put his arm around her waist.

The boat trip as organized by Harriet was a great success too.

For the occasion Harriet had spent a long time redoing her make-up, pulling her features into their liveliest — enveloping lips, pearly white around pearly teeth, waterproof eyes.

Mrs. Samsourian pulled her sunhat in all the tighter as it was blazing hot.

At 3:00 p.m. they stood on the pier with Hector seated on a rug and a pair of flippers the old Greek woman of the Hotel Aphrodite insisted they have. Mrs. Samsourian had listened to everything the old woman, who really was a hag, had given vent to all morning. She was making notes for the talk she would give on The Life of a Greek Woman.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now there was silence, except for cicadas on land and the lap, lap of the sea. Demetrios helped mother and daughter into the boat. The dog Hector positioned himself on the very prow, more faithful than any human. Mrs. Samsourian spread the rug on the first bench. Demetrios started the engine and they cruised rhythmically from the land towards the outlet and the open sea.

"Where's he taking us, Harriet?"

"To the other bay. Don't worry about a thing, it's all organized."

Demetrios had various bits of fishing equipment. Harriet sat on the bench in front of him, the center of the colorful boat. She had her back to the way they were going, consequently she faced Demetrios. The man clicked his tongue and examined his engine which ran perfectly. Harriet knew they were communicating somehow.

Mrs. Samsourian made an attempt to converse with the boatman. All he said was: "The sea is not bumpy today."

"No, of course it isn't bumpy," she said angrily.

She gave up asking her daughter to look forward at the passing view. Finally she climbed up to Hector on the prow and dangled her toes into the sea, her insteps catching the wash. She felt alone with the noncommittal dog, watching rocks and wrecks slide along, blue and underneath — another world so close she need only fall into it.

Harriet in her bikini was stunning. All those dumb hours on the sundeck of the Adriatica ship had tanned her evenly all over, from her hairline to the edges of her feet. She watched Demetrios, his every move, turning her head to follow in sympathy. He was unraveling pieces of line, snug with the tiller under his arm. He moved the gas can from one side to the other. He stood up occasionally to stretch and had various gadgets tied to his swimsuit.

They passed close in below the Acropolis, the cliffs climbing overhead. The sea crawled up the rock and peeled back off, revealing a paler, naked rock, like underwear sliding off flesh.

She was devouring Demetrios. She had never seen anyone like him before — he was proud, rugged, dignified, inscrutable. He was aloof, composed, special, and he wanted to go to America and the movies. He was also very shy.

The blue and yellow boat, with its painted fisheyes gazing ahead, scudded into a bay which was even further round than St. Paul's. They were isolated and bleary with heat. Demetrios switched off the engine. The boat nestled down in its own foam, extremely far from anywhere at all.

Demetrios and Harriet were over the side, swimming close to one another. "Come on, Karla, it's delicious." Harriet's hair trailed behind her. Demetrios was sleek and swam effortlessly.

Mrs. Samsourian had second thoughts about swimming at all — Hector would be anxious if he were deserted, he was already whining — who would control the boat if Demetrios' anchor of a stone on the end of a string got snagged off? But those weren't the real reasons, and it wasn't because she had forgotten how to swim either. She knew that the light water was for young people to wallow in.

Harriet's flippers carried her way ahead, towards the landing place Demetrios had pointed out. She braced herself for the moment when she would make her proposal to Demetrios. He was beside her but they couldn't talk with their mouths full of seawater.

At the rock, which was a flat, volcanic atrocity for bare-footed swimmers, Demetrios helped Harriet out of the sea, leaving her standing in her flippers. She couldn't walk on the rock without them.

He was over at the other side already, bending down. Harriet wished he would come back so that she could discuss.

But Demetrios was intent on something else. He was reaching into the water and pulling up stuff. He called: "Hello, hello," and threw them back to her. They whistled through the sky, trailing streamers of seaweed. They landed crunch near her, contracting bundles of needles. They were sea urchins. She hated them.

"Demetrios, be careful," She was afraid one would land on her by accident.

But he was proud to be hooking out so many. More and more landed close to her. She was unable to do anything but flap her flippers at them, hoping they would go away.

Demetrios returned, hopping over the rock. He smiled hugely at her.

MOVING?

Send both your old and your new addresses to:

Subscription Department
The North American Review
University of Northern Iowa
Cedar Falls, Iowa 50613

Please allow four weeks for change to become effective

NEW ADDRESS

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State ..... Zip.....

Paste old address here.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Very good," she said, "how nice there are so many, but what are you going to do with them all? We're not near anywhere to cook them."

"You like?" Demetrios asked.

"Well, yes."

"All for you," he said.

"Well, thanks a lot, Demetrios, I appreciate it, but—."

He sat her down and took his place beside her. She faced him, his teeth, his eyes looking straight at her. He had a sea urchin in his hand, but she avoided studying it.

"Now listen, Demetrios," she was going to say, "I've been thinking over a lot of things. For a start we can go to the movies together, I want to see Barbara Stanwyck again." And she would continue: "Then you must meet my father, he's great, and he'll see that you get to the U. S., it's all fixed."

Demetrios turned the sea urchin in his hand, without being pricked by the spines. He was humming. He unhooked a bronze pin from his waist and inserted it into the heart of the lump of seafood. It contracted. After scraping round, he removed the pin with a slither of meat on it.

"Demetrios, how could you?"

He grinned and held it up to her.

She sucked in her breath. "You try it first." She jerked out her hand to push it away.

As he ate it, rolling his eyes in enjoyment, she realized how impossible it all was. She was hopelessly repulsed by the way he chewed. She was impaled on the rock and couldn't move without assistance from him. He was going to make her eat the next sea urchin raw. She pulled her knees up under her chin and wanted to disappear into her own hair.

Eventually she was forced to accept one — it was like chewing gum and she gulped it down. She made a grin to cover her disgust, then felt like snarling.

Now Demetrios might no longer exist, he who was so impolite, forcing her to eat something she couldn't stand. It would make her happier if she never saw him again.

He was threading all those sea urchins through the heart onto a string, He would offer them to her for dinner.

How could she have planned to marry a brute like him?

Hector the dog was whimpering his head off, crawling along the prow on all fours. He was upset about being deserted.

Harriet drew herself into the boat at one end and Demetrios the other, he offering her a hand, not knowing why she refused it. She skipped over the rug and to the prow, rocking the boat considerably.

Karla was certainly not there. She had left behind her hat, glasses and her charm bracelet which was piled over a slip of paper. Harriet removed the paper and patted Hector who was howling piteously. "It's all right, Hector."

The note read: HARRIET DEAR, DON'T EXPECT ME BACK.

Demetrios was packing the sea urchins into a bag. The boat was at a severe angle with propeller almost out of the water. Hector teetered on the edge of the prow, ready to break off into the sea in search of Karla Samsourian.

"Shut up, dog," Harriet said.

Demetrios was laughing because they almost capsized.

"Demetrios please," Harriet said, "*please* stop that. I feel sick." She leaped to counterbalance the boat, and her fingers went through the note. "Shut up, shut up," she shouted at the yellow dog who now squatted, its forelegs quivering as if it had been chastised for doing the right thing.

"Demetrios," Harriet called, "listen, please can we look for *my mother*, she's committed suicide, we must find her."

A squall set up and the sea was getting very bumpy. Demetrios didn't understand. Harriet explained again, holding the soggy note to his face. "It says she's not coming back," and she mimed how her mother held her nose and plunged overboard, came up and gasped and went down and came up and went down.

"Mama," said Demetrios.

"Who else, for God's sake, she was here and now she's gone."

"*Mama!*"

"Yes, Mama," Harriet cried. The dog was making a cross between a whimper and a yowl. "We must find her, quickly, quickly." She threw herself at the string, yanked at the anchor. "Demetrios, start the engine, man."

"Mama?" he said.

"Yes, my Mama is missing."

Suddenly Demetrios was in control. He pushed Harriet out of the way, started the engine with one tug, drew in the anchor stone, flipped his hair out of his face, and stood with the tiller between his ankles, his one hand up to his eyes as if he held a telescope.

"Thank you." Harriet said, "let's comb the shore." There was nothing for her to do. She knelt on the prow beside Hector whose coat glistened where Karla had stroked it with her salty hands. "Don't worry, little dog," she said, "we'll find her." And the dog climbed up her thighs to her lap for comfort. Harriet was on the verge of tears.

Yes, Joseph, we covered the shore, every rock and inlet, she just slipped off the boat without our seeing. The boatman was Greek but he spoke English and French. We didn't notice. She said she wouldn't quit the boat, she was frightened of the water. It couldn't be sunstroke, she had her hat, we had some sea urchins for her. Hector, her dog, you know she had befriended a dog, was also very upset. It was an accident, a terrible accident, Joseph, please believe me, we really did get on so well, there was no cause. Demetrios was just a boatman, Mama hired him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Mama, Mama," Demetrios was calling over the water.

"Come back, Mama," Harriet mumbled to Hector. She caressed the dog who nuzzled her. Harriet gave into tears she hadn't cried since she was a child.

Demetrios was guiding the boat in and out of every creek of Lindos.

Mrs. Karla Samsourian drifted into a shallow area on the other side of the bay. Her face was out of the water, but after odd soakings her make-up had slid down her face to form a ring round her neck from which it beaded off into the ripples. There was a pale bridge on her nose where her sunglasses had habitually stuck. Dog's hair was waving on her nostrils.

She sat on the bottom of the sea, wiping her face on her arms. There was a pain in each of her lungs. Her heart was beating so fast she could hear it smashing up her. If Hector had paddled after her, he wouldn't have made it. She sat there on her haunches, too exhausted to flop out onto the pebbles. She drew a deep breath and choked on it.

A crooning Greek voice was calling. She shut her eyes. Her ears were pouring out seawater and it was a mistake. No passing Greek would ever know she was there. Not like the purser who woke her for breakfast. The old Greek woman would congratulate her on swimming so far. She was losing weight. She must get back to Lindos and tell the old woman how she had broken away from her daughter. The old woman, who had children of her own, would understand. Harriet would stagger back with the rug and flippers, and the dog. She must get there first and move to the big hotel. Harriet and Hector could sniff her out in two days time, if they felt so inclined. Meanwhile Demetrios could *keep* Harriet.

Mrs. Samsourian stood up. Then she fell back into the water. Her kneecaps had become adrift. She was too numb to be really terrified as the boat approached her. If she ducked they would pass on perhaps. She wanted to run for cover, but her legs wouldn't function.

Harriet could see her now. She wondered whether her daughter or the dog would be the first to retrieve her. Demetrios must have told them to stay put while he brought the boat nearer.

"Hello, Mama," Demetrios called, as he cut off the engine.

Harriet had nothing to say. It was a crisis, so she put on her blankest face. She was clutching Hector so that he couldn't greet her either.

"Harriet, I thought I'd never see you again," Mrs. Samsourian said resignedly, flopping her arms in the shallows.

"I know, Karla," Harriet said, bundling her face up with Hector.

"Has Demetrios turned out okay, Harriet?"

The girl didn't answer.

"I've been out of the way an hour and I just wanted to know."

Harriet was choking the dog to keep him silent.

"Demetrios is very considerate with me, Harriet — aren't you Demetrios? I'd be glad if you'd help me onto your boat, my legs are a bit weak."

"Of course," he said, rowing the last lap.

"Greek men are difficult to come to terms with though."

"Of course, Mama."

"Cut the mama bit, man, and get me out of here."

She reached up her hands. The Greek caught hold of her wrists firmly. It was years since she had felt such solid wrists. He was smiling down, all Greek strength and power.

The sun was going down behind his back. Mrs. Samsourian looked up at his huge silhouette. His toes were over the edge of the boat. He began hauling. Mrs. Samsourian's arms yelled with pain. She too had lost.

From her vantage point, the Greek with his wrists pulling was truly colossal.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DAVID CROWNFIELD

KARL BARTH, 1886-1968

"The knowledge of God is not an issue *for theology; it is a* premise, *an* axiom, *from which theology begins." Thus set apart from the God-is-dead controversialists, Karl Barth devoted the last years of his life to an understanding of the vast heritage of Christian dogmatics and, in the words of a serious student of his work, assured his place as "one of the great and human thinkers of our time." The author is an associate professor of philosophy and religion at the University of Northern Iowa, is a graduate of the Yale Divinity School, and holds the Doctorate in Theology from Harvard University.*

Karl Barth writes of Mozart's music: "Beautiful playing presupposes a childlike knowledge of the center of all things—including the knowledge of their beginning and their end," and notes "the great, free *objectivity* in which Mozart traveled life's way. As a human being, his great experiences were almost always dark and painful . . . . He put them aside in order to shape, again and again, a small piece of the sounding universe in which he lived, entirely apart from the great and small experiences of his life. And each time the result was, and still is today, an invitation to the listener, also, to come out a little from the snail shell of his own subjectivity."

Karl Barth's long habit of listening to Mozart before breakfast may not have inspired in him that master's economy and lightness of expression, but Barth's feeling for the freedom of play—knowing, mature, yet childlike play—is expressed in the joyful exuberance of his own work as well as in his ear for Mozart. He shares with Mozart also the objectivity of expression: his work deals with the materials and forms of the Christian heritage without reference to his own subjective experiences and perspectives. Not that Barth, any more than Mozart, is bloodless and mechanical in his work. It reflects a universe in which tragedy as well as play takes its place, and it maintains a steady balance in view of the one and the other.

Barth's love for Mozart is an instance of his deep sense of the relation of freedom and discipline. What is delightful about Mozart is that the discipline of form is converted into an instrument of freedom, a liberation rather than a bondage. The musical heritage of the Eighteenth Century is absorbed into Mozart's style—in a sense, it is all derivative. Yet here, too, Barth finds his own understanding of freedom reflected—Mozart is original and always Mozart *by means of* his appropriation of this heritage. Tradition need not be an encumbrance on freedom; gladly appropriated, it becomes vehicle, material, form for liberation.

Barth's treatment of the Christian doctrine of Creation might be called Mozartian. To Barth, "God rested on the seventh day," means the creation is complete, good, free, given room in which to play. It is not an unfinished or barely-finished product, to be kept going only by desperate urgency. It is full and it is good, and its maker can walk in the garden in the cool of the day, and enjoy it. The Christian calendar, says Barth, begins with the day of rest, in token that men may freely and gladly receive this world. Hard work is necessary, but first comes reception and enjoyment. Not the unflagging drive of a Bach fugue, but the easy grace of a Mozart recapitulation is the musical reflection of the order of creation.

Barth worked the last thirty-five years of his life on a vast and demanding project: the appropriation and understanding of the whole heritage of Christian dogmatics. With so much to be done, Barth never became driven in its execution. He worked hard, thoroughly, with immense effort; but only after listening to his Mozart before breakfast. First the freedom of the creation, and only afterward the discipline of the day's work.

I

Karl Barth, born in Switzerland in 1886, educated there and in Germany, was a Swiss Reformed pastor in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the town of Safenwil in the days of World War I. His first taste of controversy surrounded his involvement with the struggles of the working men of the parish against the local establishment. Baffled by the role of Christian pastor in the Twentieth Century, and discontented with a religious liberalism that had easily surrendered to the militaristic nationalisms of the war, he sought some foundation in a thorough rethinking of the meaning of Paul's letter to the Romans. When he published his results in a 500-page commentary, emphasizing God's sovereignty and transcendence and man's inability to reach him, he suddenly found himself a center of conflict and excitement.

As the controversy proceeded in the 1920's, as support and insight came from other young theologians, as Barth moved from Swiss pastor to German professor and faced the questions both of his new fame and of his new responsibilities, his voice deepened, his range broadened, and his work became increasingly directed to the unfashionable question of church doctrine in its entire range—unfashionable, even offensive doctrines like predestination, angels, the Last Judgment being taken up seriously and in order along with the rest. His *Church Dogmatics,* begun in 1932, extended through twelve volumes, approximately six million words, and was unfinished at his death. It covers virtually all the topics of Christian doctrine, quotes and comments on many of Barth's contemporaries and most of his important predecessors, and refers at least in passing to almost every major intellectual figure in the Western tradition.

Shortly after the publication of the first part of the *Church Dogmatics,* Hitler came to power. As the demonic, idolatrous, and murderous character of Nazism became clear, Barth became its active opponent, rallying part of the German Evangelical Church to resistance. The focus of the resistance was the Barmen declaration of 1934. It speaks throughout in Biblical and theological language. But its political message, that Christians have no other leader (*Fuehrer*) than Jesus Christ, is unmistakable. Barth was tried, convicted, and expelled from Germany. From Basel, where he was promptly appointed to the faculty and where he lived until his death, Barth continued to publish polemics against Nazism, reflections on the relations between church and state generally, and, all the while, further work on the *Church Dogmatics.*

After the war, Barth was a principal figure in the formation of the World Council of Churches, though he subsequently criticized it as excessively bureaucratic and remote from the concrete life of a Christian congregation. He was also much interested in the new socialisms of Eastern Europe, and the responses of Christian pastors and teachers to this new situation. As the cold war developed, he was increasingly pressed by theologians and churchmen in the west to equate Stalinist Communism with Nazism and join the chorus of denunciation. He consistently refused both the equation and the role of ideological propagandist.

While his critics demanded global anti-Communist pronouncements, Barth's own engagement with the problems of society focused on a quite different level—the Basel prison, where he was a frequent and welcome preacher. Apparently when the famous professor addressed a congregation of prisoners as "fellow sinners" he came across as genuine. (In his American tour Barth included three prisons; while encouraged by the best of our correction system, he was appalled by the worst, and by the American churches' indifference.) His concern with the prisoners is not, as some interpreters suggest, merely a quaint biographical detail. Personal communication has priority over pronouncement; actual human neighbors in need take precedence over ideological conflict. Fame, headlines, power to be heard internationally, do not alter these priorities. So, while Niebuhr demanded of him a denunciation of Soviet intervention in Hungary, Barth quietly offered the mercy of God to his fellow sinners in the prison, and went about his work.

From the time the World Council was established, in 1948, Barth concentrated with increasing single-mindedness on the *Dogmatics.* And his tone steadily shifts. There is a diminishing of controversy, a lessening emphasis on defending the integrity of Christian doctrine against compromise, and a growing joyous affirmation of human life and freedom and love. "The Humanity of God" is the title of an essay of the 1950's. The absolute priority and sovereignty of God over man means the priority of God's love, his affirmation of man, his granting life and freedom to man, over man's arrogant and despairing self-assertion. The majesty of God does not reduce man to nothing, for God wills that man be exalted, not humbled.

In 1962, Barth retired. After his only visit to the United States, that year, he returned to a quiet life in Basel—reading, writing, listening daily to his Mozart—until his death.

II

Just because Barth devoted his life to the study of Christian doctrine, it should not be supposed that he is an apologist for the church as it exists. Indeed, especially in the *Romans* commentary, Barth repeatedly associates the church with "The Grand Inquisitor" from Dostoevski's *The Brothers Karamazov.* The church repeatedly chooses security rather than freedom, self-deception rather than truth, defense of its own authority even by rejection of Jesus. No existentialist is more critical than Barth of the conformism of the churches; no Marxist more outraged by the reactionary alliance of religious and economic establishment known as "Christendom." No Nietzsche more totally rejects the negativistic, anti-human, anti-freedom attitudes common in church Christianity.

Nor is Barth's criticism confined to the failure of the visible churches to live up to the essence of religion. Religion itself is, always and necessarily, idolatry, self-righteousness, and hypocrisy. In religion, man "merely

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

establishes *himself*, rests upon his own competence and treats his own ambitions as adequate and satisfactory . . . . Instead of counteracting human illusions, (religion) does no more than introduce . . . pleasurable emotions."

The principal fault of the secular critics of religion is that they don't cut deep enough. They measure the failures of the churches against too narrow a standard. Men's self-serving and self-admiration characterize not only the church, but also the atheisms, humanisms, and secularisms on which the popular attacks on religion are based. The critics are infected with the same faults they deplore. They fail to see that it is because religion attempts and pretends to embody the highest aspirations of man, his self-transcendence, his quest for the ultimate, that in it man's characteristic failings are so plainly manifest, and so offensive. The anti-religious critic is too weak in his attack on religion because he doesn't recognize in it the image also of his *own* aspirations and pretenses. The sickness of religion is the sickness of man, not just of some religious men.

In "The Grand Inquisitor," Dostoevski exposes the emptiness and sickness of the church and its religion by juxtaposing it with the figure of Jesus. For Barth, too, the final and decisive condemnation of religion is that it rejects and excludes, denies and kills its own Messiah. In the name of Jesus it fights against the liberating impact of Jesus. While in Jesus God has subjected himself for the sake of men's liberation, the churches in the name of God subject men to the authority of religion. Only a criticism of religion which thus understands it as betrayal of God has adequate force.

The confrontation of men's best efforts by the figure of Jesus exposes their utter inadequacy. What is wrong with men's attempts to reach up to God is that they ignore the humanly unbridgeable gulf between God and man. All human religion, philosophy and morality, all effort, all apparent achievement, fails absolutely to reach or approach God. Barth is to this degree in agreement with the radical atheism of a Nietzsche or a Sartre: all human approach to deity and all human pretension to possession or even appreciation of deity is empty and meaningless. Men can found their own existence only on nothing.

But for Barth this comprehensive negation is not a product simply of existential self-analysis. It is only the death of the Messiah which fully reveals the nihilism at the foundation of our existence. Paul's doctrine of justification by faith casts a fantastic shadow over all our self-justification. Our best efforts are confronted not by divine approval, but by the forgiveness of sins!

God discloses himself, in a radical, discontinuous moment of revelation which can neither be anticipated nor retained. With respect to all our life it is total negation. Our lifelong resistance against death is confronted only by a promise of resurrection which is in no way a simple rescue. Resurrection means that our only hope lies on the far side of both death and condemnation, and we have no power to get there. The believer exists in an acute form of the universal predicament, in which his very faith and hope are subject, with all of life, to death and judgment; yet nothing but faith and hope point him beyond death and judgment.

The center of this radical, discontinuous intrusion of God into a world incapable of receiving him is the figure of Jesus Christ. Jesus is a historical figure. Yet it is not the ordinary historical continuities and probabilities which are significant about Jesus. It is rather the discontinuity and the improbability—on our terms, impossibility—of God's presence, of victory over death, of affirmation beyond condemnation, which are decisive. Jesus is in history as an alien, he intersects it rather than occurring on its own lines, he explodes its whole immanent continuity.

This talk of resurrection from the dead is not to be taken as a reference to mechanical miracle. Just as Barth's critique of religion is very close to an atheistic and nihilistic one, so I think he is here very close to existentialism. The difference is that Barth understands the decisive possibility—that we may hope and not despair, that life triumphs over death—as a possibility which is *not* natural to every man. It really comes from outside us, from the man Jesus who was not like other men, and who does what is otherwise impossible: his death does not destroy the meaning of his life, but accomplishes it. He is not defeated, but victorious. The implications of this for all our systems of self-salvation, self-aggrandizement, self-deception, self-defense, are decisive. To preserve the shattering, novel, unique, alien character of this event, Barth avoids potentially domesticating and relativizing terms like "myth" and "symbol," and deliberately uses categories jarring to our ordinary world, like "resurrection from the dead."

III

From the *Romans* commentary on, Barth always balanced radical negation with radical affirmation of man. The affirmation is already present in the *Romans*, and clear to anyone who reads it in retrospect. But in the confused, empty, self-deceiving world of Europe at the end of World War I it was the negation, the disruption, the outrageous transcendentalism, which was at the fore. As nihilistic, irrational, and anti-humanist ideas became increasingly fashionable, Barth spoke more and more in other tones, always seeking more balance, more fidelity to his Christian forebears and above all to the Biblical writers. He makes ever more explicit that the radical negation of self-centered man is a product, an implication, a consequence of the radical affirmation of man. In spite of the arrogance and hollowness of his self-justification, man is justified—by God. Beyond the nihilism implicit in his creation of meanings and values for himself, the goodness and significance of human existence is secured—by God.

But how can we talk of God any longer, in the Twentieth Century? Even Barth agrees with Feuerbach

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILLIAM SLAUGHTER

THE HOSTAGE

So I know that the only real prisons are internal.
—Timothy Leary

So I have kept him there, these many years,
inside of me—though I know he would like
to have gotten out a long time ago,
would like never to have been there at all.

Are there any questions? It's quite simple
really. I've explained it to you before.
I'll explain it to you again. It was
a long time ago—many years, in fact.

There were two of us then. We had just met.
This is how it happened. I was walking
one day (the place is not important) when
all of a sudden, he said: here I am.

Yes, I said. But where have you been? And why
was I not expecting you? I have come
just now, he said, from the back of your head,
which is why you were not expecting me.

It was then we came upon you, walking.
We said: will you go with us—wherever
it is we are going? The place is not
important, you said. We went on, walking.

For awhile, we got along fine—although
in time, you came not to believe in him.
You said: I just know he wants to kill me,
and nothing you can say will change my mind.

So I said nothing, and I put him back
where he came from (my mind). Whether it was
betrayal or sacrifice, who can say?
I only know that I have kept him there,

These many years, inside of me—because
of a promise I made to you. I said:
I love you so much—if you want me to,
I will. (Place is important, after all.)

that we make our gods in our own image. If all human ideals are ultimately questionable, is not God most questionable of all? There is no evidence for his existence, no pragmatic proof of his utility, no psychological health in dependence on him, no social health in waiting on him for aid in our problems.

Barth confronts these difficulties in a way which appears to begin by making them worse: a doctrine of revelation. We can speak of God because he has spoken to us, through the preaching of the church, dependent as it is (or ought to be) on the testimony of Scripture, which tells of Jesus Christ, who is the revelation of God in person.

Before this appeal to revelation is dismissed as arbitrary, we should look at its specifics. There do exist communities of Christians, who have, in some sense, heard and believed the Christian message. Behind them lies a mundane but remarkable succession of people who have heard and believed before them. This human, historical thread of belief leads to the New Testament writings and events. They, for their part, speak directly of God, of resurrection, of a contrast of this age and the next, this world and "eternal life," the Roman authorities and the "Kingdom of God." Barth's procedure is to let these people speak, in their own idiom, and to seek the object of their speaking. When they speak of "Spirit," of "resurrection," of "God," he refuses to jump in and edit their work. He denies that he knows better than they did what they should have said. The fact of faith, the fact of tradition, the fact of scripture, and the idiom in which they express themselves, are given data from which the theologian must proceed.

Barth's doctrine of revelation thus simply refuses to accept the burden of proof that God exists or can be known. Like a physicist who carries on his work regardless of whether philosophers can make sense of it, Barth takes for granted that the knowledge of God has occurred in faith, in the congregation, in the tradition, and will occur again. The knowledge of God is not an *issue* for theology; it is a *premise*, an *axiom*, from which theology begins. The doctrine of revelation is an exposition of how the knowledge of God occurs and what it involves, not an investigation of whether it is possible. Its thesis is that God is known when, in the context of the Christian community and heritage, Jesus Christ is spoken of and men hear and believe and are liberated. It is possible

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for men to speak of Jesus Christ because he is the object and focus of memory and hope for the Biblical writers. In the Jesus who is the object of their testimony, God reveals himself.

He reveals *himself*, not just clues to himself or truths about himself. The Lord of the Exodus and of life and death is the one who reveals himself in Jesus. The freedom, the loyalty, and the victory of Jesus are those of God himself. The recurrent event of the awakening of faith and hope in men who hear of Jesus is God himself acting. God is not, however, hidden remotely behind Exodus, Jesus and the Spirit, to be known by inference or abstraction. The Creator, the crucified-risen Messiah, the Spirit of faith and hope, are all God, one God, not his acts or manifestations but himself. Exodus, Resurrection, and communion are where he lives. The doctrine of the Trinity is not the doctrine that there are three people in God, or that God is a super-being who defies the laws of logic. The doctrine of the Trinity is the insistence that knowledge of exodus, resurrection, and communion—specific, historical, temporal, different as they are— is knowledge of God himself. The mercy of Jesus is the ultimate judgment on man. The Exodus—a band of slaves made into a nation, out of nothing as it were—is a paradigm for creation, for the foundation of all reality. Faith, hope, communion, life victorious over death, are the destiny of man.

Barth's God is not a supernatural dictator, benevolent or otherwise. He is not an abstract metaphysical principle or power. The images or models of Exodus-and-Creation, Crucifixion-and-Resurrection, Pentecost-and-Kingdom of God are not mere symbols of the Absolute. The ultimate is not abstracted from concrete time-and-space, life-and-death reality, as all timeless or supernatural theisms imply. What is most real is in time and space, in history and community, in the drama of human life and death. Not in just *any* human life, however, nor in general human possibilities, the logic of history, or Life Itself. Rather, the real and ultimate is in *this* man, *this* life, Jesus Christ; and Exodus and Creation as interpreted in relation to Jesus; and in Pentecost and Kingdom as his spirit, his life, his presence.

Instead of proving God's existence, Barth presupposes it. Instead of proving that God can be known, Barth proceeds from a presumed actuality and priority of God's revelation. In this way he also assumes the priority of the human community of belief and hope over both the speculations and the criticisms of the theorist. A God rationally or empirically proven, a God psychologically or metaphysically necessary, a God abstracted from comparative religions or any other human experience, would be a God we discovered and derived, and would also be a God whose transcendent reality would shadow, denigrate, trivialize our own reality. Barth doesn't argue against any such God; he simply refuses all such approaches, and goes his own way.

God is love. But not just any love, not the divinization of all human love, not the abstraction of a principle of love. God is the love of Jesus Christ, the hidden goodness of creation, the hoped-for enabling of free human communion. (In stating it this way I risk the kind of domestication of God, his reduction to a symbolic expression of our capacities or ideals, which Barth repudiated. But not to put it this way would risk Barth's being equated with anachronistic, literalistic supernaturalism, which is emphatically not his intention.)

IV

A decade after he began his dogmatics, Barth published a volume on the Doctrine of Election, which focuses what he is about perhaps best of any of his later works. Calvin, as we all vaguely remember, taught that God decreed, eternally before creation, that even though his creature should sin and deserve destruction, God would save some to demonstrate his mercy, while consigning others to Hell to demonstrate his righteousness. Calvin was trying to deal forthrightly with a dilemma. If God redeems all men, his law, which declares that righteousness is necessary, is a lie. If He consigns all to destruction, his decision to create is rendered futile and meaningless by his creatures' rebellion. Both are intolerable, so Calvin holds that some share the blessedness which God intended but men betrayed, while some share the condemnation which we all deserve.

Barth's insistence that the reality of God is *in* Christ and not in an abstraction *behind* him takes him out of Calvin's dilemma. Calvin himself, in what I have always felt was the greatest passage in the *Institutes* (II.16), interpreted the credal statement, "He descended into Hell," as referring not to some expedition to rescue Abraham from Limbo, but to Jesus' enduring not just the fact of death, but the Hell of it—the desolation, defeat, condemnation, disaster of it. Jesus died, soul and body together, in the full bitterness of death. Here, says Barth, is the wages of sin, the demonstration of the truth that the price of human unrighteousness is condemnation and disaster. God, in his eternal decision to create, decided also that the ultimate cost of creation, the destruction that follows unrighteousness, he would bear himself so that his creature might live. Thus the death of Jesus is the disaster we all deserve, and the resurrection of Jesus the life God intends in spite of our disobedience.

In a sense, of course, this is all "mythological." Barth doesn't picture a big Deity making a universe and killing his son to make it work. What we have is the radical juxtaposition of two judgments on man—one, the negative judgment in terms of irresponsibility and disaster, the other the positive judgment of love, mercy, freedom in the teeth of irresponsibility and disaster. Both are true, but the one is decisive, the other subordinate. Barth uses Peter and Judas as a model here. They both betrayed Jesus, and showed their identification more with those who killed him than with his own faithfulness to them. The difference is not in their merit, nor in God's judgment on them. Judas is a suicide; he judges and con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

demns himself. Peter, whose self-judgment we don't know but may well have been like Judas', is surprised by the Resurrection. He lives by God's judgment, while Judas dies by his own. In Judas the condemnation which follows unrighteousness is depicted without qualification; in Peter, the miracle of forgiveness, of acceptance beyond betrayal, of life beyond death supersedes the condemnation.

Here we get to the heart of Barth's insistence on the radical discontinuity between God and us, on the radically alien, intrusive, original, absolute character of revelation. Men's self-affirmation and self-judgment is at best ambiguous. It has no foundation, and if men have to live by it and build on it, it drives toward nihilism, despair, and death. Judas is the paradigm of mankind betraying the good and condemning himself in despair. The only affirmation of man that is not hopeless is one which is injected into history, one which faces the full destructiveness of man and affirms him in spite of it. Men cannot love themselves, ultimately and adequately. Only a love which is a novelty, and a love maintained in face of the worst men can be, is sufficient to make life livable.

Even in *Romans*, but with increasing clarity as Barth works through the Dogmatics, the insistence on man's incapacity to reach God, on the radical transcendence of God, on the vacating of all human judgments and valuations by God—this insistence is for the sake of the *affirmation* of man by God. The self-knowledge and self-judgment we wish to defend is bankrupt and deadly. The overriding, intervening authority of God is not, for Barth, a demonstration of power which renders us impotent. It is the injection of love, of freedom, of hope, of communion. It enables rather than disables.

The "God is dead" theologians hold that the death of God is necessary to free men so that they may live. This is very close to one aspect of what Barth is about. God's omnipotence functions not to overwhelm man but to allow him breathing room. God's freedom is exercised in free granting of freedom to men. Jesus dies that men may live. God bears the destructiveness of his creature. The difference, I think, is that for Barth the freedom of man never becomes a *fait accompli*. We are always Judas as well as Peter. And thus the renewed offer of reconciliation in Christ, symbolized but not always realized in the preaching of the church, and the renewed communion of saints (*i.e.*, of justified sinners) enacted in the eating and drinking of the Eucharist, continue to be needed. The ecclesiastical institution is an example of the self-satisfaction and self-judgment of men; but the persistence within it of the story of Jesus and of the communion meal, however distorted, are tokens of the persistence with which the ultimate affirmation overrules our self-negation.

The history of the man Jesus, the human reactions and interpretations which make up the New Testament, the human remembering and expecting which fills the Old Testament and which the early followers of Jesus saw as fulfilled in him, the human history of believing, remembering, and promising from then until now, the presence of Gospel and sacrament in the midst of our ungodly religiousness, the occurrence of faith, and love, and hope in this tradition and context, is what Christian doctrine is all about. Barth's thought is in a sense a historicism and a humanism. But it is a distorted historicism, in which Jesus is the focus, and history is illuminated by its connectedness with his history. It is an arbitrary humanism, in which one man is the truly human, and the phenomena of our humanity have an ambiguous and groundless character unless they are oriented by reference to Jesus.

The radical transcendental theism of Barth is increasingly clearly a radical absolutizing of Jesus Christ. The emerging humanism of Barth is confined to a knowledge of the human in the one man Jesus. It is always indicated in Barth's writing, but it becomes unmistakable in the late volumes of the *Church Dogmatics* in the 1950's, that all Barth's thought is dominated and controlled by the one figure of Jesus. The extraordinary breadth of his thought, which we considered earlier, is correlated with an extraordinary narrowness. Jesus, the historical man, the subject of the New Testament, the one confessed in the doctrinal formulations of the councils of Nicea and Chalcedon, is the norm, indeed the proper object, of all theology and of all true humanism. Though Barth writes of politics, of Mozart, of Dostoevski and Feuerbach, the center of his attention, his one true theme, is Jesus Christ.

V

The radical break between theology and culture in the *Romans* commentary drives in the same Christological direction as the radical humanism of Barth's latest writings. For the sake of the one valid affirmation of man in Jesus' victory over death, all other affirmations are undercut. In the face of our efforts at self-salvation, the joyous affirmation of man in the late writings still has the drastic and jarring discontinuity expressed in Romans. The paradox of negation and affirmation, of transcendence and humanism, in Barth's work is rooted in this one consistent obsession with the Christ.

The paradox of the contemporary, cultural Barth and the anachronistic and exclusively dogmatic Barth has the same root. Efforts to treat his struggle with Hitler, his love of Mozart, his concern for the prisoners as endearing biographical incidents, making Barth a twentieth-century man in spite of himself and thus betraying the futility of his obsolete dogmatic concentration—all such efforts miss the mark. Barth sees all meaning, value, and reality *through* his narrow concentration on Christ. He treats the relations of all events to *this* event as their most important characteristic. But this narrow perspective does not necessarily mean a narrow range of vision. Barth holds that *all* humanity, all value, all reality, are rightly seen in their relation to Jesus Christ. If Jesus is more truly, freely, deeply human than we, then the human triumph and tragedy of a Mozart, a Socrates, or on the other hand a Hitler, is more authentically disclosed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when juxtaposed with Jesus than when considered independently.

But is it so? Barth sees all reality in this one focus, and sees its heights and depths. The scheme of Christian dogma and its ancient sources become a vast and all-inclusive metaphor—an inhabited metaphor, within which Barth lives and works, and within which he sees (and sees deeply) the rest of the life and history of man. Yet can any of the rest of us get inside this metaphor? Lacking the prodigious integrity and ingenuity of Barth's imagination, can we be other than overwhelmed and intimidated, and ultimately appalled, by the immensity of this scheme? Are we not bound, if we try, either to dilute and compromise (as I have done in this article in spite of myself), or else to lock into the absolutism in such a way as to make Jesus Christ an *a priori* answer (at our disposal) to everybody else's problems? And, given the scope of Barth's project, who would want to try to get inside? Why should anyone undertake the immense effort and discipline of seeing everything through this one concentrated focus?

Perhaps it is only because I was already a professional theologian before I saw the difficulty that I am inclined to stay with it. Perhaps without that extensive involvement with the history and doctrines of Christianity the whole Barthian enterprise would be too remote to be credible. But I don't find it so, and I should like to conclude with a few reflections on what I think is the relevance of the whole of Barth's vast adventure.

First of all, there do exist churches, in which scripture and tradition, word and sacrament, priest and congregation are still at least vestigially twentieth-century realities. In the light of Barth's rethinking of the meaning of these realities, some possibilities are opened up. Churches may become engaged with racism or Viet Nam, as with Nazism, in response to a renewed sense of the humanity and lordship of Jesus. An ancient church may even rediscover its own theology and burst into vitality so fast it terrifies itself (as the Roman Catholic Church has done, in significant measure led by people whose encounter with Barth provoked them to recovery of their own theological resources). New possibilities for vitality, relevance, liberation, humanity have been set loose. The church may be, as many people hold, an obsolete and dying phenomenon. But, through the work of Barth, it is at least recovering a spark of the old vigor in its latter days. And it may, indeed, have more of a future than most of us have suspected.

As to the secular world outside the church, not long ago the thesis of Barth's relevance would have been a hard one to defend. But if, as seems the case, the self-assurance of "modern" man is now a thing of the past, if the confidence that reality and fact could be equated, that American democracy resolved the problems of freedom and order in society, that a value-consensus had largely emerged through our history, that human community was a practical possibility and human goodness attainable by education and social welfare programs—if these are now gone, we need to reassess the situation. Value is not anchored in fact. Our society and its consensus seem to be disintegrating. We seem to have been more brutal and vicious than we suspected. We have caught glimpses of our kinship with the Nazis, and are terrified of ourselves: we are closer to the sick world to which Barth spoke than we used to realize.

Questions of justification and justice, of the possibility of genuine humanity and community, are again cutting us deep. The problem of finding a basis for affirmation which neither approves nor ignores the phenomena of human evil is our own problem. To exist, men must have hope. The coherence of any society must involve some framework of common anticipation of where we are going. The failure of the modern myths of the end of history—the classless society, the evolutionary progress toward universal democratic prosperity, even more modest myths of world peace, of racial integration, of elimination of poverty and disease—has left us empty, bitter, aimless. The death of liberalism is the death of a certain kind of hope that things will be better. In militancy and counter-militancy, there is often no longer hope that we move to a common future, but rather desperate insistence on *my* future at *your* expense. (The "love people are no better at loving Mayor Daley than Mayor Daley seems to be at applying "law and order" to his own police.)

If our time is darkened by a crisis of hope, then a man who can draw a broad vision of human affirmation and liberation, in the midst of all the pressures to the contrary, must be heard. Barth's way of seeing men and their world will not be everybody's. But as an image rooted in the centuries of a specific heritage of human experience, concentrated on the figure of a man in whom the issues of human hope and despair are dramatized, Barth's Christological image of reality offers one possibility of hope. Its apparently anachronistic materials are startlingly bound up with its deep involvement in our most contemporary and desperate problems. Its narrow singleness of base contrasts with the broad and empty breadth of many more modern visions. Its very dogmatism, accepting all the risk of utter falsehood which haunts every dogmatism, seems courageous in contrast with our relativisms and conventionalisms and all sorts of refusals to mean anything definite, or indeed really to say anything at all.

I don't know what the future will say of Karl Barth. Perhaps Christianity will discover through his work the resources from which to revive and add new chapters to its human and cultural history—chapters for which the churches of today may play the role played by the sellers of indulgences in the history of the Reformation. Perhaps a post-Christian, self-sustaining future society will look on Barth as the last, vast attempt of the dying church to retrieve its life—an attempt betraying at every point the inadvertent presence of the post-Christian truth it denies, as Newton's God-run universe betrays that superfluity of its Master which Laplace made explicit. In the one way or in the other, Karl Barth will stand as one of the great and human thinkers of our time.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That I am testing for the intensity of winter by the thickness of onion skins is ridiculous only because frost has already mocked my dream. Besides, this is the year of the dying elms and claiming myself, court lunacy by sleeping in the light of the moon. Margery Daw, I discover, is a slut; it will be difficult to sleep in the lower loops of her alphabet. The Shafto boy was her undoing: he promised to wait for her — but not forever. She sustains a wound on longman as she waves good-bye; Bobby Shafto does not chance fame. These are the lyrics to childhood songs, hummed in my dreams by feathers. Fat daughters never forgive their fathers for beating them, even when they have not been beaten. Also, there is no excuse for incest; therefore, I shall leave several days after tomorrow. There are no responsibilities in the present tense; interrogative, subjunctive, interrogative: responsibilities. Laziness and discipline are one; who dares hum while noiseless notes are scored: a noble, circuitous route hatched by a mad hen sitting on stones who makes mud out of sand when the tide is out. Come on, baby. Intimacy is a sin against the first commandment; pray then, that you survive the temptation — but not forever. On my index finger, I am spinning a pistol confiscated from an enemy. It is empty, but I have it with me to keep me in my place; I fear violence. All villains do not have moustaches or mortgages, and pain is divisible by fear. Double dared by a do-loop in the machine, I shall be debugged only by humans: cobol is not the only operable but ineffective language.

There are no affinities, equalities, or congruencies: the very highest of mathematics. Greater and less than are tricks of the sluggish eye beholding perspectives without dimension. Who sleeps, but with the camel's lids, quests for clowns disguised as mirrors. Being about to stand is the most tiring position, worse really than being about to leap. I am an excellent leaper for my size, but am temperamentally suited to collapsing. It is a problem: to leap, to collapse. I am the twin, who at birth, died of insomnia. Walking has a limited appeal and can cause eye strain; but not in the same way that stumbling can cause lameness. As a small child I was wounded in the eye; as a result I see things a little differently. Flowered rugs are seldom wall to wall, nor iron bars. Misunderstood ideas from useless disciplines inspire concentration for small tasks. This is a forced march to utopia, by way of a bedless river; if you insist on laughing, you have not looked over your shoulder. A white ceiling is a bane to idlers; and confusion to philosophers. Each must create his own transitions, though rhythms on topless drums are complicating. A proud mother is a dead lady; someone is breathing too heavily: this is the way it happens.

Misnomers invoke their own terror: tigerlilies, dogwoods, snapdragons, and it is not only so with growing things. Few people are one syllable names. Aiken Drum is the man in the moon; it is likely that he invented brown paper bags, though some would have you believe it was the Earl de Bruinbag. Did King Arthur buy or steal three pecks of barleymeal and did Saint Dunstan really pull the devil by the nose? Children are not permitted to deal with problems whose solutions bear no relevance to their condition. Expletives are the poetry of hoodlums. A poet who, until he has mentally prepared an entire phrase, does not uncap his pen, threatens industry: scribble if necessary. Am I making my dismissal too easy? There are still teachers who say class dismissed. Such strength and confidence: world dismissed, enemies dismissed. Talk about enemies as though they existed; I am not strong enough to have made enemies. No *one* actually threatens. Writing a letter is like bestowing a kiss; this is illuminating about people who are fond of stationery, as some are fond of pens: illuminating, but non-information giving, though not as sunglasses in a dark room.

Paragraphs are a distinct problem, like being slow of foot in an arena with lions. Being slow of hand is less of a problem to thieves than to muggers. The perfect bitch tries hardest. It can, therefore, be safely said of some: she strove to be a more perfect bitch. If I were a better lay, I could be a bitch or a life guard, though there are enough bitches and not enough life guards. My child is educated by an imbecile whose finger is stuck in his nose thumbing nose; the gesture requires much dignity. This is a grammarian's mythology, translated from the existing fragments of the poet Doidare. I am encouraged by the meaning of things done to death done to death; but, each dooms the words of his choice. For moon people then, ignorance is not bliss. Who does not wish to divide time by a mere initial? I.

Monsignorial purples vainly seeking idols to kneel before, discover in impious processionals limp fingers that no rings adorn. Polished finger nails bitten to the

GOODBYE, ARISTOTLE

A STORY

BY E. LAGOMARSINO

E. LAGOMARSINO has other work appearing in the current issue of BEYOND BAROQUE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quick flocculate lint from pubic hairs. A line of beds in a nuns' dormitory, head to foot, foot to head, is kinged by the oblique ravaging of a rook who has checked the queen in two strokes. Pitted against the paper sword is a toy gun that expells a cloth streamer, announcing simply: *misfire*. My eyes are backward in my head, I can only tell direction by smell: in apples be prepared for tar, a clumsy man's topography. Luminous clocks without hands, hurled into alleys, tick at midnight, marking time for nimble *danseurs*. All in favor signify by remaining silent. Vandals revisit the site of their rancor pouring cement over selected items of ruin; and for a third time they return coating these monuments with fly paper. There are phrases and tenses in foreign languages that would serve as well, and the zahir could be the only legal tender. This is a time for new maxims.

I cannot afford to be concerned with teethless lions; wild animals, even, can be cajoled. Patience is the compensation for bartering inquisition; and villainy for impertinence. The King's whore has scarlet fever. It must be plainly stated, outside of a manual of any sort, that there is a maneuver called skin-the-cat, and I have performed it. In what suits are the one-eyed jacks. The written lower case jay begins words like an atrophied pee; in some instances, like a trunkless eff. Nuns who wear wedding bands go a little too far.

A despised tutor closes his penis in the pages of a blank diary while his peripheral attention is drawn. I make waves with my breath in a basin of boats and perseverance brings all the boats down: one could easily be bored by too many boats. Enough has never gone before. Seers and heroes square off in the park over a territorial dispute, a skank will spread on the viaduct for the victors. There are whispers of a fall. Three lesbians argue in a college about epistemology, under the table their feet make a flower without a heart. The yatchsman wears an ascot fluffed under his chin and at the back of his neck: a genuinely kaleidoscopic vision of colorless glass, a venture in common condiments.

A friend apparent, whom I meet in a coffee shop and pretend to know, speaks highly of a mutual friend whom neither of us knows. It is an exercise in civility overcast by cold crushed beans. A mentally promiscuous woman, disinclined to writing lengthy letters, attempts to say something untrue about love; this after a grand, narcissistic passion that resulted in the destruction of a delicate birth trauma: a precocity matched only by mythological punishments. Guard against thorns that smell like flowers, sweet beverages gone flat, theaters with no smoking section, sway-back horses, and wild elephants. Tusk, tusk, the nose encourages, but only when it is threaded by a nasal stick. I receive answers in verbless dualities and pursue discussions to a monosyllable: if I kill myself and discover I am not dead, will I kill myself again? This is a flight schedule for Conestoga wagons chased by unarmed Indians and headless cannibals. I am ashamed of very little; rather do I regret, in a sentimental way, a confrontation or two that blemishes my second innocence.

I am taxed in no way by the plans of men, merely that an artifact is shaped, and that its pattern is various rewards for skeptics and dawdlers. I shall be king by definition, queen by choice, and wooden toys, challenged only by insects will battle for me. All are permitted to see and to touch the armistice signed with the department stores and butcher shops: for my patronage, they will not sell or slaughter. This requires an exact measure of sophistication and naivete and the scales are bound with a necklace of olives. We could circle but I am not ready to go back. Re-assembling broken Christmas ornaments, I pass into disuse. There is a time of the year for lamentations and in no other season is sack cloth fashionable, though ashes are their own style in any port. The full nelson I inflict on myself, is a gesture of repose: let sleeping swallows sleep.

If you are waiting, I am here; but if you are sorry you are waiting, I am sorry I cannot stay long: a simple arithmetical and biblical exchange. I am confiscating what remains of whatever I can find. Do you confess that had I not been your first daughter I would have been your favorite son? Or is the speed with which I write, reproduced as often as I write, in equilibrium with the distance I am from what I intended to say? The balustrade crumbles, revealing a burnt llano; this is no dreadnought pursuing me. Smoke seeps through the cracks in my drama filling the auditorium with a sense of theater; in lieu of a curtain there are painted players on a wooden plank which the audience hacks away as its displeasure grows. What is revealed over splinters is a rider without a horse. On mended stools pedestrians are carred to busy intersections and they watch with complacent guilt mad designs created by unnecessary destinations. It is my own business if I whistle. Mashed potatoes are not ones for mixing of their own accord. The edge is off the vinegar given to Jesus, and the singularity has gone out of the seven last words. The epithet for my own crucifixion: King, by definition.

A reconstructed classicism in which terror is openly staged warms the playwright and the box office but does not effect the temerity of the viewer. Dear Abbess assures that the clinging-vine lover does not flower, although a coming is a coming: coming soon — rural word games behind renovated barns. A despair lingers that is a study in extinguishing smiles and broken teeth. I am gathering lilacs to present with pogomogans to a mysterious academician; likewise, I sacrifice a certain anguish for a more devastating tragedy: a garden not perused barefooted. Obscurity is its own message — dissimilar from the envelope theory of biblical interpretation. An unplumbed starveling, disguised with credible grotesqueness as a red hot momma, issues from a wild boar's womb. Recognizable absurdities do not alter the ceramics to which they adhere; practicality, therefore, mothers an inventive delirium that becomes an object of abuse. Doubtless, victims are suckers, and even the most sustained harangues fail in unlettered mouths. I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

am throwing all the waste receptacles out of doors — in my house there will be no garbage. An antiquarian deliberates, conservatively estimates the depreciation value of a space object. For all impractical revisions and dislocations, some nights seem longer than others. A polar personality, clutching the flags of very nation — the flags, mind you, struggling against oblivion and deceit — succumbs to a lunatic with conventional weapons. I am omitting a few things that go without saying.

Effortlessly, the hammock rocks in the yard, as an entire suburban community uproots previously cherished rose bushes and replaces them with goldenrod. A barely audible conversation leaves me to slide down my throat its most delicate fragments, as a sword swallower, and to regurgitate *commedia dell'arte,* but as inaudible as the progenitor. Then, of course, there is the maestro who snaps his baton tapping for attention in the empty pit. These are only the measurable difficulties. What work of artlessness is improved by my witness? Who will be Genet's Boswell? I wish to be waving a white cloth when the victory is clearly mine: an exquisite courage, lacking only an event in which to be bred; or more serenely still, a manufacture of candles without wicks. An arrogant jewel thief, enshrined in a magic-eye casement succeeds at his inception and withers with his swan song. I have arbitrarily unlimited the infield, so that going into the hole will be a venture in epic endurance; who can backhand at such a distance and still reach first base? In the winter season a place kicker will be required to kick both the ball and the player through the uprights — why should he be required to do less? It is, obviously, not by scorn that I am subdued; nor, by flattery encouraged; but both by indifference.

A vigilance lacking objects plays havoc with the frayed edge of a silk ribbon. I am offered a metaphysical empiricism by a drunken linguist at a Thomistic cocktail party: the rest is stem glasses and marbles. There is debris on the sill in my den, if I have a den, from the falling sky and from the remains of a tiny fowl who blew itself up: the office of prophet being unheeded and unnecessary. Brief mention of the fowl is made in the MRS. PEPIN POTPOURRI book. The book is criticized largely by theocrats, as religious infantilism. Cases of paralysis resulting from its use have been few, but emphatic. Stripes are the most interesting of designs, especially sewn in a poorly cut material, so that the design is not entirely circular. Nothing is so arbitrary as a circle. This dogmatism is excusable because it is contentless and the inexactitude of saying so makes it more tolerable. Who, after all, dances in galoshes? Worse than trying to include everything is trying to include nothing. There is a gas heater in this room that obsesses me because it leaves nothing to be said. Electricity, on the other hand, leaves everything to be said. I have not yet thoroughly understood the connection between the existence of God and the existence of electricity. A vast number of things leave nothing to be said about them, other than copulatively, though thusfar, that has not handicapped me. What is the opposite of copulatively, and who was the inspired imbecile that thought of *copulate* for *fuck?*

In many forts, the metaphor is in trouble — and it is unlikely that it is consoled by heroism. There is passion, however, in the aorist, though its uses are only theological: *died,* being the most obvious example. You understood grammatical rules for imperatives inflame bored school children; that the objective case is treated so curtly is the whim of adults. The philosophy of pronouns is overstated; and if pronouns had any usefulness, it could not be verbalized: antecedents being an architectural inhibition on magnanimity. This is an excursion in undefined syntax, and it is only by causing blood to issue from my teeth that I establish a new morphology of crescents. There is no question of crust: man-eating plants have already been sown in less objectionable patches: a dance of hand symbols, blurred by other anatomies, performed inelegantly and without guile. A patrimony bestowed *in absentia;* that is, the title has not been searched. Saddled by a daemon who legislates a new sodomy, only when he rests can I see his face: the desperate rendering of an orgasm taking place on a breeze. Myrtle Avenue, Court Street, Bushwick Avenue,

PETER COOLEY

IN TRANSIT

The helicopter promised
to drop packages marked
"ingredients of wind" and
"key to the city of ice."
It just sputted by.

I fell back
into myself where,
believe me, it was
a long way down that stung.
On the way: a pile of bones
hummed past, opening with summer,
rivers of bees frozen
shut, black honey under
their paws, trees reeling together,
and the stones returning
to be born again.

I woke up in a bathtub sealed
with melting ice, I felt
the moon on my shoulder, wet
as a kiss, break open its wings,
fly by. Across my legs the skin
of God floated like fried milk
toward the open drain.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sackett Street: this is the spiritualism that intimidates and lures me. The best things about Brooklyn are the ways out of it; much like a carelessly executed optical painting — but really more like everything. From one of my letters I shall extract the parenthetical comments and they will be a timid poem mocked by my in-laws. I am making strange marriage of gloom and possession; it is like getting stuck with the queen of hearts because you are color blind: a misunderstanding of tarot packs and zodiac charts. Hurling self-made confetti that once chronicled the coherent dreams of a sleeper in all night cafes, who else is pushing piles of rubbish through the streets of previously rural areas. This is the terrain of a Mexican pyramid, no bigger than a man, but stretching for a long way in a few directions: it is understatement, overstatement, implication, explication, assessment, estimation, suggestion, synthesis, genesis, genocide.

A vocabularly, devised from an alcoholic's wine book, personifies liquids and other moving but inanimate things, by exaggeration. It resembles a reading of plays without pictorial vision or a pantomime performed by amputees: atrophied dichotomies and reiterations. There are thistles in my breakfast beverages and after a deployment of hard candies, a late autumn rain sweeps gutter refuse into sidewalk openings: a loathing of precision, not marksmanship — by no means certain. A subtraction of valences ascertained on a random number chart, belittles scientific historians, discovering precious minerals in previously used caskets: an incomplete and unjustified juxtaposition ends a dream about Robespierre and invalidates the world poverty theory used to explain less subtle privations. Cunning is civilization's contribution to preservation, first things being first. A disrobing in warm climates, *boo*, and many *who's*, crystalizes the merchants' immorality. A direction indicated by a fingerling marks a language family that has fled its quarters. The cyclist regards a compilation of meanings to which he must assign words; the assignation is complicated by a binding to the skeleton of a pedal. The literality of a book of notes obviates a Cartesian relic: a matter of tuning and volume, a censorship of dances, and, not in all cases, a sudden wind fall.

The tyrant battles a climate of subservience and obeisance, defaults, of course, in other stations. Mistresses rebuke violence and disloyalty — cringe at the sullenness of their own ladies-in-waiting. To be aggravating statisticians by incomplete root problems is to make no adjustment for serial regressions. Is oak tag a game for propagandists? Religious vocations make an important contribution to the idleness of evil: an outburst of renaissance politics in a previously theistic word syllabication. The use of punctuation to mark time fatigues the obvious measurement of consciousness. Marks of punctuation err as boundaries and stagger as catchalls. Unlike some sacraments, I can contract my own dispensation: the wrong benefices are being parceled out. A dinner preparation exercises its own aesthetic imbalance, something like chamber music and unlike dilettantism. This is the latest in sweats of agony: a perspiration of bile and malefaction. I am choosing between disguises and masquerades in order to brew ale before my assassins are aware of their thirst. Thus-far, they have been satisfied with trick glasses that give no refreshment. An indifferent farewell to inexplicable congestions of the heart gestures benignly to unfelt sacrifices made in off seasons. Graceless calisthenics reward active blimps, as zeppoli adds its own unwanted dimensions, making possible step ladders for horizontal viewing. Jungle, jangle, jumble. What further signs of rejection do I need than traffic glyphs and crowded subways?

Today's wherewithal, howling and with apparent reason, a salting of inedible vegetables, solved dilemmas and riddled answers: the easier ways. Who creates the nomenclature lists in reunion halls; a new, despised triplicity: one of money, two of show, and the game itself, that is without its uses. Prior hesitations instinctively betray inconsequential treacheries, as a clearing of the throat without bombast, and in such unsuspected places. As with all inbreeding, coffee sacks spill out on the floor bespeaking a sound better described than imagined: moreover. Some delicate stripes seem to be plaids so that composition is merely a matter of placement, although a preference for plaids is a distaste for fabric. I am gambling for other reciprocities, with confidence in undefined chances, this being an unusual surety in games of other kinds: dream big or don't bother, fences and natural boundaries aside. By holding the pencil near the eraser much can be accomplished, such as landscape without terrain, motion without vehicle, stillness without inertia. For some prescriptions there are no diseases, just as not all objects have handles. Could I be ghosting this for Margery Daw? Language is a function of politics and domain, that is the misfortune of knowing an extensive but unimportant literature. Obese people do not necessarily ameliorate the carnage, nor do slim people necessarily escape it. Busted scales being obviously more courageous than broken scales, the slowdown is better than the walkout. A languorous eye digresses finally from an ambrosial fetor cognizant of a new illiteracy, a *campo santo* for satisfactory apologies. Squeezing has its own artistic rules and heroism sets its own boundaries. Who would play first base if he could play third; or short, if he could pitch? Athletic metaphors are not consistent, which accounts for their absence in economical thinking. For example, who would run hurdles or dashes if he was chosen for the mile? Style in these cases is a matter of timing. Dare one risk boredom in order to salvage three lines in an epic poem? It is only to remain whole that I toy with these dead issues, as disputants exchange unnecessary definitions and submit to judges what is evaluated in other quadrants: a confession of flights by the albatross itself.

"I have warned you, never in public to show my preference for you."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Story by Norma Klein

TEAK

The chairs arrived at four.

They were wrapped in brown paper which Jean tore off, biting the string with her teeth, slashing open the gummed edges with a scissors. Stacked on top of each other, the pieces fell loose, revealing, at the bottom, a diagram that explained how to put them together.

"Jesus, I'll never figure this thing out," she said. "I'm terrible at this kind of thing." She took up the diagram and began studying it, frowning.

"You said you wanted to go over Old Church Slavonic with me," Shirley said. Sitting crosslegged in a chair in the corner of the room, her notes in her lap, she looked like someone doing yoga.

"Later," Jean said.

"Later! It's always later. Look, it's your funeral. The exam's next week."

"Go back to your studying, will you?"

"Next week. Remember that. Don't say I didn't warn you."

The trouble with you, Shirley, Jean thought silently, the trouble with you is precisely the same thing that's the trouble with me, only at your age, you ought to know better. Shirley, thirty-seven and recently divorced, shared most of Jean's classes in the Slavic Languages Department. Her attitude to studying was, Jean thought, just as harried and compulsive as her own. Of course, the divorce provided an excuse for this, a rationale, whereas she, instead of a recent divorce, had a love affair, now two years old, which might or might not lead to marriage (on mornings when she had a good night's sleep, she thought yes; on other mornings, no). These chairs, which she had bought with Edward a month ago, were to form part of this apartment in which they had dinners, made love, entertained friends. For the sake of his peace of mind and to preserve a last modicum of independence, Edward retained a separate apartment to which he retreated upon occasion to study. He, too, was in the throes of working for a doctorate.

"What kind of wood *is* that?" Shirley asked, looking up from her notes.

"Walnut," Jean said. "Or, actually, imitation walnut, I think," she added more truthfully. "It has some kind of walnut glaze."

NORMA KLEIN has been represented in the O. Henry Award collections of 1963 and 1968. Her work is widely published (in MADEMOISELLE, COSMOPOLITAN, *and other magazines including this one); she and her biochemist husband live in New York City.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Head tilted to one side, Shirley squinted at the pieces of un-put-together chairs. The furniture in her own apartment, to which Jean knew she was making a mental comparison, was all of teak, beautifully designed, bought with her ex-husband in Copenhagen on their honeymoon. According to her, the dividing up of the furniture had been one of the most painful aspects of the divorce. It had been settled by his taking the buffet, half of the dining room chairs and the bureau and she the living room couch, the other chairs, and the dining room table. "I suppose it's the glaze I don't like," Shirley said finally. "That's the nice thing about teak—that dull finish it has."

"Well, we couldn't afford to spend such a huge amount," Jean said.

"Marion got some new furniture recently," Shirley said, evidently not wanting to return to her notes. "Did I tell you? Some really gorgeous stuff. A whole wall system, all teak, with cabinets, bookcases-" She made an airy gesture with her hand to indicate indescribable wonders.

"Great," Jean said, Marion, a fellow student, a divorcee like Shirley, recently remarried, was the object of much covert and overt envy on her own part and, she suspected, on Shirley's.

"Of course," Shirley said after a moment. "*She* wants things that will be permanent."

There was a moment of silence. Jean fitted leg a) into side b). "Well, who doesn't?" she said.

"Oh, I didn't mean - -" Shirley began.

"Look, anyway," Jean said, sitting back on her heels and glaring at Shirley. "Walnut is every damn bit as permanent as teak. Even imitation walnut. All this teak business—teak this, teak that. It's just a fad for people who want these neat, awful little apartments like something out of *House Beautiful!*" She shoved another leg emphatically into place.

"My point," Shirley said, "was quite simply that once one gets married - -"

"I *got* your point," Jean said.

Shirley made a face, raising her eyebrows, as though to say: well, if you want to be *that* way about it. Ignoring this, but feeling ashamed of her outburst, Jean returned to the diagram. As the church chimes opposite Columbia were chiming, she had just put the last piece of the second chair in place.

When she returned to the apartment just after seven, it was dark. The two chairs stood in the center of the room, facing each other, like two people in the midst of a conversation. Jean put a hand to her head which felt aching and heavy. For two hours she had written page after page of notes in a yellow pad without comprehending a word she had written, had tapped her leg so nervously that the person in front of her had turned around to glare, had chewed so vehemently on the end of her pencil that she had bitten off the eraser. Staring, hypnotized with boredom, at the professor, who was over seventy and as frail as a stick, she had found herself thinking: if by sleeping with this man I could get out of ever having to go to another one of his classes, would I accept? Luckily this insane and distasteful choice was one she would scarcely be likely to have to make, but at that moment it had seemed to her she would have trouble deciding which she would prefer.

Escape! If only there was some escape from graduate school and worry into a nice, air-tight, conventional married life of the kind she had always scorned. "I won't marry until I'm twenty five at *least*," she recalled herself saying upon graduating Radcliffe four years earlier. "I won't have children until I'm at *least* thirty." But then marriage had meant a terrible come-down, a defeat, dishes, babies, dust mops, all things that would hinder and impede her free spirit and intellect from developing as all her professors had promised that they would. Now, on the contrary, marriage appeared to her as death had to the Romantic poets, a haven, an oblivion, a merging of the self into the great unknown. Gazing at the faces around her - - Shirley, Marion, Paul Nevin, obsequious and shy, secretly in love with her, not knowing of her affair with Edward, Jean had wondered: what's the point in it for *them?* A degree? Money? An evasion of personal problems? She had hurried out at the end of class, not speaking to anyone.

Now, staring at the two chairs, she tried to consider where she should put them. Against the wall? Near the window? Yes, near the window would be good. She and Edward could sit in facing corners, reading. Jean envisioned the two of them, disembodied in the two chairs, she with her yellow notebook, he surrounded by his books on Giotto on whom he was writing his dissertation. A peaceful, domestic scene. Of course, having the chairs in the corners would mean moving the couch half way across the room and moving the bookcase down at least three feet. But she could do that. Yes, in fact, she would do it right now, before Edward arrived for dinner. When he came, everything would be in place, perfect, arranged.

With a sudden burst of energy, throwing her coat in a chair, Jean dragged the six-foot couch along the floor. In order to move the bookcase she had to remove half of the books. They were dusty and the dust came off on her hands. Even without books the bookcase was heavy. Her body began to be soaked in sweat - - she could smell the acridness of her own body - - but she continued, moving a lamp here, a table there, propelled by a certain conviction that if only the apartment were just this way, all her problems would be solved. When she was finished, it was seven-forty. Edward was due in twenty minutes, and her body ached in every muscle. Her face, as she glimpsed it in the mirror, was streaked with dirt. But she had a peculiar sense of triumph, as she had when she had managed to figure out how to put the chairs together.

"Look, the chairs came!" she announced to Edward when he arrived. Luckily he was late, which had enabled her to wash and change into a fresh dress.

"Yes, they're nice," he said, handing her his coat. His face had the absent, preoccupied look of a day at the library. Already he had a few grey hairs; when she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had met him two years ago, he had had none.

Jean waited for him to comment on the rearrangement of the furniture, but he started in to the kitchen. "I'm starved," he said.

"I rearranged the furniture," she said, pulling him by the arm. "How do you like it? See - - I put the couch over there."

"My God, how did you move it? It's so heavy," he said, looking at her in amazement.

"Simple ingenuity," she said.

"Fantastic." He bent down to kiss her, putting his arm over her shoulder. "You're becoming an Amazon."

They both ate hungrily, hardly speaking. "What kind of day did you have?" Jean said.

"Lousy," Edward said. "They still won't let me have that book. Whoever has it out—probably Hensen—won't return it, even though it's on call . . . How was yours? Did you get your Pushkin paper back?"

"That's Tuesdays and Thursdays," Jean said. "Today was Old Church Slavonic." She refilled her own glass of wine. On nights when she intended to study after dinner she allowed herself one glass; on other nights, two. Now, she poured a third, hoping that with her small capacity for alcohol, this would relax her and make taking more aspirin unnecessary. She had already taken six.

"Oh yes, I always forget," Edward said. "How was that?"

"Unspeakable. I couldn't follow a word."

"You said you'd copy Shirley's notes."

"I know, I know, I should have, but I put the chairs together instead . . . Edward, I'm becoming such a neuter."

"What do you mean?"

"I just feel like a drone, scurrying from one hole to another . . . Oh and I nearly wrenched my leg off walking across campus again. My heel got caught in the cobblestones."

"I thought you'd decided not to wear high heels during the day."

"I know . . . It's stupid."

"All you're doing is distracting Paul Nevin from his work," he said, smiling dryly.

How could she explain? High heels were uncomfortable - - she hated wearing them. But it seemed worth this effort, any effort, to escape the feeling of losing all softness and femininity. And for the same reason she, who all through college had hated cosmetics, now wore false eyelashes and rouged her cheeks, went to a beauty parlor once a week, painted her nails. But Edward was right - - for whose sake was it after all? Not for his since he was indifferent to fashion and preferred her fresh-scrubbed face, such as it was. Not for the sake of Paul Nevin in whose attentions she could derive the satisfaction of pretending she was still free. Not for the sake of the other women students who, in their slacks and faded suits, put up no pretense to elegance. Certainly not for the sake of her advisor, a forty-year-old bachelor as shy as a girl, who hid in the stacks when he saw her

The Fabulist

VICTOR CONTOSKI

THE CASTLE OF NO DOWNPAYMENT

Once a knight set out into the wilds of America to find the Grail. After a few months of fruitless searching, he came upon the Castle of No Downpayment, where a neon sign flashed "Welcome" above the door. He knocked at the gate and was met by a fair damsel who showed him through the castle, urging him to taste the various pleasures it afforded. As he wandered through the halls, strange music lulling his senses, he thought that the castle must be enchanted; for surely no mortal hand could fashion such fine and costly furniture, such modern washing machines, such super-soft beds, and such clear color TV. When he came to the dining room he sat down, and the damsel set rare food before him. Filled with amazement, he ate the finest meal of his life; and when he retired to bed, she came to his room to keep him company throughout the night.

In the morning the knight made ready to take his leave. "O lady," he said, "the hospitality of your castle exceeded my fondest dreams. Never did I think a fairy would be so kind as to take a weary knight and treat him so. Thank you for your generosity."

"Generosity?" asked the lady archly. "I am sorry if I misled you. Here is an itemized bill."

"Ah me," groaned the knight. "I have not the money to pay withal."

Thereupon the lady clapped her lovely hands, and her men came and thrust the knight's neck into an iron collar. "Henceforth," she said, "you will work your fingers to the bone trying to meet convenient monthly payments."

"Alas," the knight lamented, "that ever I was enchanted by the Advertising Fairy. Now I am doomed to the American way of life."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

coming and blushed if she asked him to provide her with sources for her dissertation. No - - why not face it? - - it was pure egotism, simply to create some image, to be able to look in the mirror and say: this is me, this composed, respectable person who surely, all things being equal, will emerge from this temporary struggle with life victorious.

As she got up to clear the table, Edward came behind her and put his arms around her waist. "You're my darling," he said.

"Am I?" She turned to face him and pressed herself up against him.

"Yes," he said. "You are."

He kissed her a long time, pressing her against the kitchen sink, then took her by the hand and said, "Why don't we go inside, okay?"

The bedroom was dark. Edward drew the curtains so that only a dim light filtered in from the street. With a feeling of abandon, Jean pulled off her clothes hurriedly, tossing them in all directions. Her girdle hit the wall and fell like a wounded bird. Her shoes clattered to the floor. In a moment she was nude and under the covers, smiling to herself as she watched Edward remove his shirt and drape it over the chair.

When he caressed her, she felt a warmth stealing over her that was so delicious and tantalizing that she just lay there, enjoying it, letting her hand run lightly over his shoulder and back. "Are you ready?" he said.

"No." Jean got up to prepare herself, thinking, as always, I should start on the pills. This is a bother.

But upon her return to the bed a disconcerting thing took place. The feeling of passion, so acute a moment before, seemed to have vanished, as though it were a butterfly which had alighted on her hand and then capriciously flown away. As he made love to her, random images kept intruding on her consciousness: Shirley, her mouth pursed, bent over her notes; the Old Church Slavonic professor smiling his dry, ironical smile and saying to some student (she forgot which one): "I'm afraid I cannot see the point you are trying to make. Could you explain it again?"; the superintendent's mentally defective child, scrambling out of the elevator after having pressed all the buttons, a mischievous, frightened expression on his face; Edward's face seen through the seeing-eye on the door, half self-conscious, bemused.

"Lower your legs," Edward said.

"I'm trying to," said Jean.

But her body was not at her own command. Who had said: sex is as simple as enjoying an ice cream cone? Where had she read that?

"If you'd just lower your legs, it would - -"

"God damm it," Jean said. "I'm trying to. Will you stop repeating it over and over! I heard you the first time."

The violence of her outburst took her aback as much as him. Who was this uncontrollable person inside her who could not be counted upon to mind its manners, even at such a moment?

"I didn't think you were lowering them," Edward said.

"Well, I was," said Jean. "At least I was trying to. But I couldn't because I wasn't in the right position. I'm practically falling off the bed."

"I see," he said. "I didn't realize that."

They were both silent. She looked up at him, but his eyes, shadowy in the darkness, revealed nothing. "Should we go on?" he said.

"I don't know," she said.

There was another silence. They remained in the same position, caught together indecisively. Jean imagined them, after a nuclear war, covered over with earth, dug up by future generations. "Here we find an exhibit of a curious ritual." In glass cases like at the Museum of Natural History.

"I think it would be better to stop," Edward said.

Now was the point for generosity, for being the good samaritan, the harem girl, putting his pleasure before her own, for proving herself a vessel of delight and not a bundle of neuroses. But - - "I guess you're right," Jean said,

They drew apart and lay side by side.

"You should have told me you were falling off the bed," Edward said.

"I didn't want to spoil it in the middle."

"That wouldn't have spoiled it."

"I thought it might."

"You should always tell me if there's anything wrong."

"I will - - next time."

"I just thought if you lowered your legs, it would be easier for you. That's what you've said in the past."

"I know. Only I heard you and then you kept repeating it and repeating it."

"I didn't think I repeated it *that* much."

A silence. Edward arose, went to the closet and returned with Jean's pajamas. They were red and white striped, all in one piece, like a child's pajamas, with feet. Without getting up, Jean pulled them over her body. Edward, wrapping his viyella robe around him, stood by the window. He lit a cigarette.

"It wouldn't have made sense to continue," Jean said.

"No," Edward said. "I should have finished sooner anyway. It's not enjoyable if I go on so long."

"I didn't think it was so long."

"It was."

Jean stared at the glow of the cigarette. "You entered so quickly, all at once. I wasn't prepared for it."

"But we'd been caressing and so on for all that time before."

"Yes, but when I got up, the mood was broken."

"I didn't realize it had been - - for you."

"Yes, I would have wanted to go on with it more."

"Next time we will."

She sighed. "Look, all this is beside the point. I guess I just wasn't in the right mood. I was too tired and too - - But I didn't realize that when we started."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"In the beginning you seemed quite relaxed," Edward said, frowning.

He looked so worried and thoughtful that Jean impulsively reached out and caught hold of his hand. "I *was* relaxed in the beginning," she said. "I wish we'd gone on - - for your sake."

"Don't be silly."

"I'm so sorry, Edward," she said, her voice muffled as she pressed her lips to his hand. "I am. Truly. I've made such a mess of things."

"I love you," he said.

He climbed back into bed with her and this time made love to her so quickly she had no time to consider her mood; she was glad of that. Afterward he held her in his arms until she was almost asleep. "I'll take a shower," he said, releasing her.

"Yes, I might too, in a minute," Jean said.

But she remained lying in the bed, her eyes closed, half dozing. The ringing of the phone startled her. She groped for it on the bedside table. It was Shirley.

"Where did you disappear to after class?" she said. "You just darted out."

"Oh . . . I was tired," Jean said. She put the phone a small distance from her ear to mute the volume of Shirley's clear, penetrating voice.

"Well, listen, guess what happened just now? The irony of all time. Curt's getting remarried."

"Really?" Curt was Shirley's husband. Jean had only met him once when he dropped in at Shirley's apartment to visit their dachshund over whom she had been given custody but for whom he had visiting privileges.

"Sure enough. Of course he wouldn't bother telling me about it. But Marian heard through that woman who - -"

"Yes, I remember . . . Who's the girl?"

"Oh, it's the typical bit, fifteen years younger than him. Not that pretty, supposedly. But can you imagine? After all that pleading a month ago to come back to him."

"He must be a fast worker . . . No, I'm sorry to hear about it, Shirley."

"Sorry! What's to be sorry? Look, I don't care. Let him keep a harem, if he wants."

"No, that's true."

"He has his own life. I have mine. I don't give a damn *what* he does."

"Sure, I see your point."

"Listen, what I really called you about was - - did you get what Prokopvitch said at the end of class? Are we having that exam or what?"

"Exam?"

"Yes, you remember. We were going to have that thing on the fall of the yers and then he said—"

"I must have it in my notes somewhere . . . Shirley, could I give it to you tomorrow? Now isn't such a good time."

"Is Edward there?"

"Yes."

"Oh . . . Okay. See you tomorrow, then."

"Right."

She's jealous Edward is here, Jean thought, lying down again. Well, why not? And I was jealous when Marion remarried.

Edward entered the room, a towel wrapped around him. He looked clean and his hair was wet.

"Shirley's husband's remarrying," Jean told him.

"Good for him."

"That's just what she said."

"I don't know how he stood fifteen years of that woman," he said, drying his hair. "She's the typical castrating female."

Jean laughed dryly. "Well, so am I."

"No, you're not," he said. "You just try hard to be."

They read in bed for a little while. As he was about to click off the light, Edward said, "Jean?"

"Yes."

"Listen, I know I haven't been in such a great mood of late. It's this first draft of my dissertation. Once I get that out of the way, I think I'll be a human being again."

"Oh sure," Jean said. "The same with me, really. Once I pass my orals, I won't be such a nervous wreck." She looked up on the wall at the print of the Renoir nude, rosy and buxom, bathing in a stream. "*She* never passed her orals," she said.

"She looks like she passed her genitals, though," said Edward.

"I suppose that's what counts."

In the darkness Jean tried to get to sleep. Usually, when she feared insomnia, she could entertain herself with imaginary fantasies of meeting famous men at cocktail parties or embarking on unknown, romantic affairs. But these fantasies seemed stale already; she knew them by heart, as a child knows his nursery stories. Instead she decided to try what Edward had once suggested. Think about something in the future, he had said. Something you'd like to happen, not impossible, something within reach. At first Jean tried imagining passing her orals. There was the small room, the long table, all the professors around it. There she was, leaving the room, but suddenly her advisor came darting out, patting her on the back, smiling words of congratulations. He was so pleased. She had done so well. Even the Old Church Slavonic professor appeared gentle and friendly . . . But somehow this would not do. It lacked conviction. Well, it lacked something. The vision faded . . . Another scene appeared, this time in a department store. It was the furniture section and she and Edward, evidently married - - see the ring on her finger! - - were walking along the aisles looking at a seemingly endless row of teak tables and chairs and couches and lamps. Mirrors to one side made the quantity seem infinite. "I think we should get that," she was saying in a loud, firm voice. "And that too . . . And that." Walking ahead, she announced her choices first to Edward who smiled and said he agreed with all she had suggested and then to a salesman who jotted everything down in a small yellow pad. "You will not regret your choice, Madam," he said bowing obsequiously. "Teak lasts forever."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reporting on a recent assignment in Nigeria, an executive of the American Red Cross finds the misery of the war between Nigeria and Biafra complicated by the ignorance of the people and the stubbornness of governments—and that it is the children who suffer most. Mr. Haydon is a former public relations director of the KGLO stations in Mason City, Iowa.

GLEN E. HAYDON

Nigeria: The War within the War

The night was inky black. Sounds of whimpering children came softly from behind thick mud walls of the old school buildings, as we picked our way around scattered cooking pots, garbage piles and human refuse. The refugee camp was seemingly deserted, the hundreds of people huddled close together in the many rooms and long buildings that once were centers of learning for Nigerian boys and girls. Now they were centers of suffering and death for many, of life and hope for others.

We were on our way to try and save the life of a little girl, one of thousands upon thousands facing death as a result of the civil war between Nigeria and the breakaway Biafran republic. All day we had been seeing the sick, the starving, the dying, treating and feeding as many as possible back in the bush country. Tonight our team doctor had wanted to try and save the life of a particular child. Usually each child could count on only a minute or two of the doctor's time on the weekly visit, but occasionally you had to try and follow-up on an individual case, do something extra to try and save a particular child. The mass production medical care and feeding left an impersonal feeling that now and then cried out for relief. So, here we were—risking our own lives by driving outside our compound at night, to do what extra we could for a child we had never seen before.

Inside a tiny, dark room a dozen or more people crammed themselves and their personal belongings tightly together. Light came from a flickering piece of rope stuck in a can full of poor-grade kerosene. On the table by the door the form of a little girl caught our eye at once. She was in a far advanced state of *kwashiorkor*, the protein deficiency disease that was, and still is, killing hundreds, perhaps thousands of Biafran children each week. She was in a semi-coma, her little arms, legs, ankles and feet swollen horribly with edema. The skin was stretched so tightly it had broken open in long ragged cracks, now terribly infected and crawling with insects. Her breathing was ragged, but it was strong. Doc went to work, cleaning the festering sores and then inserting a feeding tube down the girl's throat. I asked for a bowl to mix up the high protein food we had brought along. A hand reached out of the dark, passing forward a bowl. It leaked. People rummaged around for another. It too leaked. On the third try we found a bowl that would hold water, and the protein food was soon being pumped into the child's system. Next, we attached intravenous feeding tubes, the bags hung over jagged portions of the clay wall. Hours dragged by. One of our flashlights burned out. The native wick lamp sputtered and died. Heavy breathing was all about us in the semi-darkness of the room.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Finally Doc decided we had done all we could for now. The tubes were disconnected. Instructions were given to the mother and several other natives. We would be back at dawn to work with her again. Outside the night air revived us, and I gulped several lungfuls. Children's whimpering still floated out from the darkened buildings. We were exhausted.

Next morning all of us rolled out at first light, and headed back to the refugee camp. Most of the refugees were still asleep, but two fat vultures were out early. Perched on the worn mud steps outside that school room door, they told us our worst fears had been realized. I picked up a handful of dirt and threw it at the ugly creatures. One of our crew muttered a bitter something in Dutch, and turned back toward the Land Rover. Doc was inside less than a minute; *our* little girl was dead.

Letting one of the kids, one of the thousands we saw each day, become a personal thing with us was something we tried never to do, but it was a trap we fell into all too often.

This kind of tragedy was repeated over and over again, as we sought to bring medical attention and relief foods to the several million Ibo people tottering on the brink of mass starvation. As in any civil war, the fighting in Nigeria/Biafra had been vicious and at times without quarter from either side; yet, although the war had been going on for some time, relief action under the direction of the International Committee of the Red Cross was not finally allowed until the early spring of 1968. Not quite a year had passed since the Ibos had declared the Eastern Region of Nigeria an independent republic and called it Biafra.

Since that time, Federal Military Government Forces had retaken a great deal of the original secessionist territory. The civilian population of these areas either retreated with the Biafran army or fled into the deep bush country. Fear of death, deepened by the original mass slaughter of at least 20,000 Ibos by Northern tribesmen, now served to imprison several million men, women and children. Hiding in deep bush country, they scratched the earth for whatever food they could find, but these masses of people soon consumed almost all of the protein foods available, including wild animals and birds. Now they found themselves left with only dwindling supplies of yams and cassava, locally grown foods rich only in starch. The total lack of protein in the diet began to tell.

First to suffer from *kwashiorkor,* malnutrition or acute starvation were the children. Symptoms of *kwashiorkor* were easily distinguishable. The hair turns a dull orange in color, the extremities swell tremendously with edema, the child loses interest in his surroundings, becomes weak and eventually dies. Generally the youngsters' stomachs become extremely distended from both malnutrition and infestations of worms or other parasites. Boys and girls suffering from marasmus, the classic picture of wasted bodies, skeleton frames covered by wrinkled, dehydrated skin, were also a common sight.

It was this tragic situation of human suffering and misery into which we willingly plunged. I had arrived in Enugu, former Biafran capital, on the second of August, to begin a four month stay. My first job was that of Relief Specialist, charged with getting things ready for a massive food distribution and medical relief program. But right along with the preparations for much needed additional medical teams, relief workers, tons of food and fleets of vehicles, I had to provide for the mass distribution of some food at once. The only way to give any understanding of what this experience was like, is to describe the early food distributions and medical clinics. The same story was repeated day after day, week after week, throughout the Federal-held and Biafran-held territory.

Several days prior to opening a new food distribution and medical clinic site, we would meet with the local village chiefs or leaders. They would be advised to send word back as far into the bush as possible, to encourage those in hiding to come out to see the doctor and receive food rations. We did our best to convince them that it would be safe, and that soldiers would not molest them while Red Cross was on the scene.

Arriving at the site shortly after eight a.m., we would be greeted by anywhere from five- to seven-thousand people, many in truly pathetic condition. Our immediate task was to select about twenty helpers from the healthier men present. Once we had picked these, their first job was to cut switches and literally drive away the several hundred others who also wanted to be helpers. Next they helped us line up the three thousand people (an average number) who wanted medical attention. As soon as the people were in a makeshift line the hardest job of the

HERBERT SCOTT

PASSING THE MASONIC HOME FOR THE AGED

It is winter at the old folks' home.
The summer chairs on the porch
are facing the wall, bending
in prayer. Snow hangs

like a shawl across their backs.
On the lawn, drifts grow like weeds,
branches of trees snap
at one another, and do not apologise.

The street has gone away to stay.
Under a roof heavy with clouds, screens creak
like old bones. Inside, the faces
of ten thousand winters press the panes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

day began. We had to sort out the people, deciding who would see the doctor that day. First, those who were critically ill, in need of intensive hospital-type care to survive, were removed from the line. In the early days of the relief action we had no hospitals, no in-patient wards. These people had to be set aside to die. There was nothing we could do for them with the limited facilities then available. A second group was then removed from the line—those whose illness was not yet critical, or who had only minor complaints. These people were advised to come back next time.

From the remaining group, five to six hundred would be given numbered cards and told to wait patiently in the line. Our one doctor, and three nurses, would then begin a long day's work, always seeing and treating at least five-hundred patients: those who were critical, but had a realistic chance of survival with treatment. It was particularly sad to see the mothers with babies and tiny children, sitting a respectful distance from the clinic building. Sad, because these were the ones not fortunate enough to have been selected to see the doctor that day; and heart-rending, for whenever you passed near, their eyes would plead with you to look at their child. Worn hands pointed to a festering tropical ulcer on a youngster's leg, or to some equally pathetic condition. The women begged you in every way they knew to look their way, to get their child in line to see the doctor. But there were only so many hours before dark, only so many people that each team could care for in a day. Some simply had to be left to die or continue suffering.

Of course, everyone who came to the clinic and food distribution site received a good-sized ration of high-protein foods for their family. This meant that usually the five- to seven-thousand people swarmed around my food lorry, and fought their way to the front of the line whenever possible. It was at the food and clothing distributions that we had the most trouble, and near riot conditions at times. Try as I might, I could not convince the people that there would really be enough food to go around, that everyone would receive a share. Fortunately, after four or five food distributions at a particular bush site, people would finally settle down, and crowd control became much easier.

To get the food distribution under way my native helpers would drive people back from the truck and building, enabling other natives to unload the bags of food and set up inside. The thousands of people would then he herded, switched, urged, and shouted into a long milling, seldom orderly line.

Inside the old, crumbling building, huge bags of beans, rice, and salt were torn open. Several native helpers were put to work chopping up dried stock fish into smaller pieces for distribution.

Finally, people were started through the food line. At the doorway each person's hand was painted with a large indelible ink stripe, to prevent his coming back through the line a second time. It was slow work, for many had little or nothing to hold their precious food ration in. Some brought in pieces of roofing tin, large leaves, pieces of cloth. The lucky few had old pots, pans, and dishpans.

As the line trudged past, those on the outside of the building would grow restless and impatient. The single line would suddenly break-off into two or three new ones, with the leading people all fighting to get in the doorway of the building at once. My helpers, and often a few soldiers, would swing wildly with switches to force the crowd back into a single line of sorts; then people in the wrong lines would stampede to try and better their position in the proper one, pushing old folks to the ground, knocking children and the weak about like so many stalks of grass. Fights would erupt at several points in the line, and my helpers would rush about trying to restore order before matters got completely out of hand.

Occasionally the mass of refugees would become so disorderly that the food distribution could not be continued. At those times my helpers would barricade the doors and windows, while I drove quickly to the nearest military outpost for assistance. With the aid of an officer and a number of armed soldiers, the food line would once again be restored. Several times, however, even the presence of soldiers with automatic rifles was not enough to control the hungry. In those instances we had to quickly load all food and clothing back into the trucks and drive rapidly away from the compound. Behind us people would overrun the building, screaming and shouting at each other as they clawed for every grain of food on the packed-earth floor. Long palaver with the local chief, and any other leaders in the refugee group, would then take place as we tried to better organize the people for continuation of the food distribution. In some places we ordered constructed quarter-mile-long double row fences of palm branches, leaving just enough room between the bristly walls for a single line of people.

Of course it's easy to understand why these refugees were so excited about receiving food. They were all slowly starving to death, or had seen their children or relatives meet a similar fate. When people are hungry they care little about where the food comes from, or who brings it. Their only concern is to receive a share, or perhaps even two, of the life-giving high-protein food being handed out free, and I was always careful to bring enough food to each distribution, or send a lorry back to Enugu for more if the refugee crowd grew larger than anticipated. The mood would have been particularly ugly in many camps, had the food run out before all had received a share.

But we quickly found that simply getting an adequate supply of known high-protein native food to the bush was not enough. Part of each supply had to contain special high-protein powdered foods, that could be mixed into an easily digestible mush-like consistency, for if people in advanced stages of starvation were fed on the native diet of beans, rice, and fish, it would kill them. Their intestines had become tissue paper thin from long periods of starvation, and the rough food simply tore them apart. Yet, the mush-like high protein food was entirely strange to the native population, and it was very

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

difficult to convince them they must eat it for a time. No matter how many times we instructed local village leaders in the importance of this fact, they often failed to heed us. A row of fresh corpses would be the result. Only then, with the bodies of children as an object lesson, could we usually convince villagers of the importance of our advice.

Frustration of our best efforts often occurred on all sides. Not out of spite, but through simple clashes of culture. Modern methods and hundreds of years of bush custom were difficult to reconcile in so short a time. An excellent example of this occured in a refugee camp one morning. While the male nurse and I were making rounds, a small boy limped painfully toward us. His right leg was wrapped in a grimy, ragged bandage. Clipping and peeling the bandage away we found a large festering wound, crawling with insects. As we gently began to cleanse the infected area, we were astounded to find jagged ends of bone poking through the rancid flesh. He had a compound fracture of the lower leg; how he had ever managed to hobble toward us was beyond imagination. Locating his mother, we told her the boy should be taken to the Army hospital, where we were sure the surgeon would set and cast the leg for us. She agreed, and we loaded him into our Land Rover for the trip back to Enugu. The leg was treated, set, and a cast put on later the same day. He was then delivered back to the refugee camp.

About ten days later I was in the same refugee camp, and it was almost like instant replay on a televised sporting event. A little boy limped painfully toward me, his right leg wrapped in a grimmy bandage. Clipping the bandage away I found a festering compound fracture. It was the same lad. A few questions revealed that the cast had embarrassed his mother and she had removed it, for in back bush Africa plaster casts are also put on lepers to help wasted limbs heal over. There was nothing to do but start all over again, trying to explain the reason for the cast in full, yet simplified detail.

But cultural clash was not the major problem hindering relief operations in Nigeria/Biafra. The greatest single element is a deep-seated, overpowering fear that has been implanted in the Ibo mind. Various military coups, and the subsequent slaughter of some 20,000 Ibo men, women and children just before the start of the civil war, have been capitalized on by propaganda experts. The simple village native has heard many stories, and not understanding just what all the fighting is really about, he fears the worst. Soldiers with automatic weapons, modern vehicles of war, and the ferocity of combat common to all civil wars have compounded the normal terrors. The intense fear of inhumane treatment and death at the hands of Federal soldiers cannot easily be erased. But, slowly refugees trickle out of the deep bush country, often sending groups of old men first to test the reception awaiting any returnees. If all goes well, which it usually does, younger men, women and children soon stream toward the refugee center or village. They are generally in pathetic condition. Many families have already seen several children die of starvation, and the primitive harshness of back bush living spells rapid death for many refugees who had become accustomed to modern city life.

Fortunately, the Nigerian Federal Army has become more sympathetic to the growing plight of refugees. Most Division Commanders have made efforts to assist the relief efforts of the International Committee of the Red Cross, and have also engaged in some refugee feeding or transportation themselves. Spurred on by visits of the United Nations and International Observer Teams, great efforts at turning the tide of world opinion are the order of the day in all parts of Federal Nigeria.

But stemming the flood of illness, starvation and death seeping across the bush country is a job that requires the assistance of an aroused world. Cities such as Enugu, former capital of the Eastern Region and also Biafran capital, have been virtual ghost towns for over a year. Fleeing in fear of advancing troops, the civilian population has remained in hiding or continued to retreat into the dwindling remainder of Biafra.

All homes, businesses, and government buildings have been looted by first one group and then another. Windows are broken, furniture stolen or smashed, and personal items of the former inhabitants strewn about yards and streets. Jungle grasses, often eight to ten feet tall, vines, bushes, and lizards have taken over business and residential areas in Enugu. As displaced persons drift into the empty city, they simply take up residence in any building that catches their eye. Should the real owner ever return, these temporary residents will just drift on, but there will be a vast number of homes and places of business to which the real owner will never again lay claim.

The controversy that rages over saving the starving in Biafra has done little to actually help these people. In some instances it has increased distrust and hindered all-out relief activity. Quiet, well-directed assistance by the U.S. government and many other countries is channeling money and foodstuffs through the neutral International Committee of the Red Cross. This organization has been accepted by both sides, and allowed access to most areas. However, political wrangling has kept required shipments from moving inside land still held by Biafran troops. Federal Military commanders have given permission for relief food convoys to move through Federal lines into Biafra, but similar agreements have not yet been forthcoming from the Biafran leadership, and demands that all relief goods be airlifted in are simply not practical.

Perhaps reason will eventually prevail, and massive food shipments can actually move inside what is left of Biafra. Until that time, there is no easy solution to the suffering in Nigeria/Biafra. Dollars cannot purchase the minds of men nor buy off fear. Force will breed counterforce. The art of diplomacy seems the only avenue open to those who really want to help. For the children's sake, let us hope it is not a lost art.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Story by Alyce Ingram

THE TINKLE-BELL

It was to be their first, their *very* first visit to Grandma's.

Grandma had visited them a number of times (once at Christmas, twice during the summer) but they had never visited her.

Mother did not like to 'sleep in a stranger's house' because of his asthma.

This time, though, Father had won out by promising to get in touch with the fire department and the police the minute they arrived to make sure someone would be available in an emergency and now they were on their way to Grandma's who was very sick and had sent a telegram asking them to come and bring Little Jamie.

He had lain awake half the night trying to picture the emergency. He couldn't begin to imagine what it would be like to be rushed to the hospital in a fire truck or police ambulance with crowds of people standing about in pajamas or robes or looking out their windows to see what the excitement was all about. Mama said he'd more than likely get his picture in the paper if it happened at Grandma's, small towns being what they were and so little happening in the way of excitement.

Nothing quite like that had ever happened to him at home. At home whenever he felt the first tightening of his chest, the first closing in on his windpipe, the first gasp for air, he had only to grab the tinkle-bell at the head of his bed and with the first dingle Mama would come running. Even if he'd just had a bad dream or if it started to thunder, the bell would bring Mama on the run and having her there beside him would make everything all right and the bands around his chest would loosen and pretty soon he would be sound asleep.

Sometimes Father became strange when he had his attacks, white-faced and strange and distant as though he were somebody else's father. And there was the night six weeks ago when Father had come running with his pajama bottoms open and ugly and Mama had not been able to come for a while and that was a very bad time. Father had not been gentle like Mama and had accused him of 'faking' and then Mama had come in her soft, white, filmy robe and said something that made Father leave not only his bedroom but the house for one whole week during which he had not even telephoned.

When father did return home, things were different. Different and ever so much nicer. Father slept in their bedroom, alone, and Mama moved into his room, her bed so close they almost touched, and with Mama there he could breathe ever so much better.

Now they were on their way to Grandma's, who was Father's mother, and he could hardly wait to get there.

Mama, who was with him in the back seat, said,

"Simmer down or you'll throw up your breakfast."

But he'd hardly eaten any of his breakfast. He'd left his orange juice and cereal untouched and just drank his chocolate milk, which he wasn't supposed to have, and

---

A product of Minnesota, Nebraska, and Iowa, ALYCE INGRAM writes from St. Paul. She is both a past and a future contributor; this is her fourth story in the REVIEW.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

finished off his jelly bismarck which was fat and crusty and sugary.

Then Father scolded him for dawdling over his unfinished cereal and Mama scolded Father for scolding and Father scolded Mama for not scolding and Father called him 'Dawdles' and Mama scolded Father for calling him 'Dawdles' and Father got angry and slammed on out and sat in the car and waited and Mama began to cry.

And then, finally, they were in the car and ready to go, the engine running, when he remembered he had forgotten to go to the bathroom and Father had to unlock the door again and Mamma to undo his trousers and Father got mad all over again and Mama started to cry again and he'd gone upstairs to the bathroom but found he did not have to go after all so played, instead, with the fringe on Mama's bedspread until Father came thundering up the stairs yelling,

'For God's sake, are you glued to it?'

And when he got in the car and Mama asked, 'Did you flush?', he told her yes, even though he hadn't even used the bathroom because now Mama had tiny little wrinkles in her forehead between her eyes as though she might be looking at the sun. But the sun wasn't out.

It was a gray, dull day.

The leaves were stripped from the trees and they looked naked. Not at all like the lovely trees a week earlier that he and Mama had admired on one of their walks. Mama helped him one day select leaves to press and they'd put them between sheets of waxed paper in a magazine and then beneath a stack of books and Mama said then,

"We mustn't forget about them. Sometimes one presses a lovely thing, then forgets where one puts it. I still have not been able to find the red rose I pressed after my wedding."

Mama looked sad, then. Mama frequently looked sad but then would hug him tight and say,

"But you're worth it, Lover. Worth every minute of it."

Once he thought she'd said, ". . . worth every goddamned minute of it." But that could not be, because when Father said words like that Mama got white and walked out of the room.

Now they were past the houses and out in the country and Father said,

"Why don't you come up here and let him lie down? It's about time for his nap. He could sleep until we hit Glendale . . . could eat there if you want."

And Mama said, "Well, if he feels sleepy. Do you feel sleepy, Lover?"

Father said, throwing his words behind him without taking his eyes off the road,

"And let's try to remember to call him by his name when we get there, huh?"

Mama, then, tightened her arm around his shoulders and said,

"He's not sleepy. He's not one bit sleepy, are you Lover. He had a good night's sleep."

Which wasn't true. Not true at all since he'd been awake half the night thinking about an emergency at Grandma's with fire trucks and police ambulances besides listening to the two of them argue in Papa's room, Papa wanting to stay a few days with Grandma and Mama wanting to come back the next day.

"It's just not safe," he'd heard Mama say. "He might need oxygen. He might choke up and never get his breath again. They might not have facilities in a small town. He's only a little boy--."

"He's a tyrant," Father shouted. "He turns it on. He's got you buffaloed. He fakes it some of the time . . . I can tell. The minute we get . . . If I come close . . ."

"Well," Mama said, "if that's all it takes to prevent them. If that's all it takes, I'm sure he'll never have another. At least, not away from home . . . in the house of a stranger . . . not away from home."

"Nor *at* home, for that matter," Father said. "It's been six weeks . . . God, Sal . . . six weeks . . . when I think of how . . . before he came . . ."

And then Father groaned and there was quiet. Awful, awful quiet. Like someone had taken Mama away. And he'd felt terribly frightened and left out of the world with only the awful quiet around him and he couldn't breathe and he started to choke and he grabbed the bell and rang and rang until Mama came running with her filmy robe off her shoulders and her long, beautiful hair hanging down between her soft white breasts and Papa, this time, had not followed her into the bedroom.

And Mama kept him awake until almost morning with her crying so it wasn't true, her telling Papa,

"He had a good night's sleep. As did I."

She hadn't slept either.

Now a rabbit shot out in front of them and Father swerved to avoid hitting it.

"Be careful," Mama cautioned. "He gets seasick when it sways."

Father, then, as though for fun, took a great big swipe in the road and came to a dead stop that almost threw them out of their seats.

Mama called to Father, who jumped out of the car and headed for the building that looked too small to hold more than two people but five had just come out laughing and holding onto one another,

"Oh, James, please . . . Not while driving."

From the car they watched Father drinking a mug of beer, his one foot on the rail, his head thrown back. He put his arm around the shoulders of a fat lady who was clearing mugs from the booth and then Mama hid his face in her shoulder so he couldn't see any more.

Papa brought out two ice cream cones, one chocolate, one strawberry, both in one hand and swooped down low and bowed with his visored cap in the other hand and Mama said,

"It would make him sick so soon after breakfast."

Father tossed the cones in the gutter and got back in the car. He turned the radio on loud to music that almost made the car dance and then he drove very fast until he stopped in front of another place where he got out and went inside and came out wiping his mouth.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And he stopped two more times and went inside and came back and drove in swipes and swerves that almost put them off the road.

Finally Mama said, "I think we'd better stop for lunch."

Father said, "How about the Red Feather. They've got good steaks."

Mama said carefully, "It smells so sour . . ."

Father said, "Christ," And he drove until Mama said, "This looks all right."

And they stopped and went into a shiny-white-clean-glassed-in place and they sat in a booth, Papa opposite them.

Mama studied the bright menu card with a red feather on the outside and she said to Papa,

"I believe we'll have the chicken and dumplings. That sounds good."

And Father said, when the waitress came, "A cup of coffee." And made Mama give their orders to the waitress herself which made Mama very angry.

". . . How can I teach him manners if you won't cooperate."

Father said, sticking out his little finger as he raised his cup of coffee,

"I didn't think you'd enjoy it once I ordered it. I didn't want to spoil your appetite. I beg your pardon."

Mama blew her nose.

"Aren't you hungry? Why don't you try the chicken and dumplings? Why don't you call her back?"

Father said, "I'm not hungry. I drank my lunch."

And he picked his teeth.

Mama snatched away the toothpick and threw it under the booth and Father laughed and took another.

Mama's eyes narrowed.

"Oh, it's to be like that," she said.

"You called the shots," Father said. He shrugged his shoulders.

The waitress brought two plates of steaming chicken and mashed potatoes and gravy and dumplings. As she walked away Father whistled and Mama turned pink.

The dinner tasted very good and he ate most of it. Then Mama let him have a strawberry sundae.

Mama, though, hardly touched her plate. She just pushed a dumpling around in the gravy as though she were a little girl on the beach playing with a toy in the water.

Then she put down her fork.

Father said, "Christ." And he took her plate himself and ate everything and then snapped his finger for the waitress to come back and said,

"Another plate of this, if you please."

And when it came Mama ate part of it and Papa ordered a piece of apple pie for himself. Mama said she didn't want any dessert.

When it came, Father took one bite, then stomped out his cigarette in it.

"Not like yours," he said. "Not by a long shot."

When they got back in the car, Mama made him lie down by himself and she sat up in front with Father.

Father drove carefully and didn't turn on the radio.

Then Mama clapped her hand to her mouth and she said,

"Oh, we forgot the tinkle-bell."

And Papa said, "So what. There's a cowbell in the barn." And he put his arm around Mama's shoulders.

He wondered where Mama would sleep when they got to Grandma's. Whether she would sleep in his room, beside him, or with Father.

And all of a sudden he got sick to his stomach and everything came up. All over himself and the back seat and the blanket Mama had covered him with.

And Father had to stop the car for Mama to get out and come back and clean him up. Then she climbed in with him.

Father said, "I thought you were coming up here."

Mama said, "Just until he falls asleep."

He fell asleep with his head in Mama's lap and did not wake up until he heard Mama scream,

"You've killed it."

He sat up and saw that Papa had run over a white hen. She was blood-spattered and lying in the dust on the road.

"You hit it deliberately," Mama screamed. "You did it on purpose."

Papa looked into the rear view mirror and tipped his hat.

RICHARD JACKSON

PANTOMIME

Behind the morning nearly
a form eluding the blind
stones a tuft of wild

flowers perhaps but it moves and

besides we know it by the signs
it leaves in its path.
We put them on like clothes

tracing the promise of

what it is even the grass
soaked with the purple shades of
the early morning doesn't know

how it will appear again

slipping into a blue forest
like a fox it could have
chosen anyplace to hide.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CHARLEY

A Story by Cynthia Buchanan

Noelle supposed he would be there when she got home, and he was. There was a tendril of cigarette smoke hanging in the slats of sun through the venetian blinds.

There were his dirty tennis shoes with the socks balled up inside. Throwing her books and the new can of saddle soap on the kitchen table, she flung open the refrigerator door.

"Noelle, that you?"

"Yeah." Who did he think it would be?

The Coke she had been looking forward to all day was gone.

"Oh . . . that's all I wanted to know, swinger."

"Well, now you know it," she whispered into the refrigerator before shutting the door. There would be an empty Coke bottle on the coffee table in front of Charley when she walked to her room. "Can't I ever have anything of my own," she thought when she saw the outstretched Charley.

"Well, well, well," he grunted. "And how's the big sixth-grader today?"

"Fine. How are you?" And she shut the door to her bedroom before he answered.

When Frankie came over to help her saddle soap Squaw's bridle, he said, "What's that guy always doing over here?" He shut the door and slid to the floor and began striking matches, tossing them into the copper trashcan.

"I don't know, I don't know. How should I know? Hey, quit that, Frankie. You're going to start a fire in here."

"Look, I know what I'm doing, Noelle. Anyway, what's that Charley always doing every day in front of your TV?" He continued striking the matches.

"Don't ask me. I don't know. He's a friend of my mother's. Well, do you want to help me with this bridle or don't you?" She wished Frankie would shut his big mouth for once. He and his parents both.

His father taught art history and Noelle's mother, Doret, taught life drawing at the same university. Frankie's parents had been friends of Doret's since Noelle and Frankie started first grade together.

"That's some tattoo that Charley's got. Pretty interesting," Frankie said.

"Pretty interesting if you want to go around with a blue eagle on your arm for the rest of your life."

"How much did this stuff cost you?" Frankie twisted the lid off the can of saddle soap.

"Oh, thirty cents." She began rubbing the soap into the leather. She thought about what she overheard between Frankie's mother and father the week before. They were lounging in their back yard with cocktails, talking in the damp heat of early summer.

"Really, Mario, she's making a perfect . . . well, he must be at least fifteen years younger than she."

"At least. He's really an ass, too, you know? Flip me that pillow, will you? He's a loud mouth ass if I ever saw one. One of these ex-Marines returned to being Joe College. I had him in one of my classes last fall . . . and the next thing I knew, he was one of the *models* for the life drawing classes. He's an ass."

"What Doret does is her own business. If she wants to sleep with one of her students or models or whatever and act the fool and be the joke of the faculty and probably her students as well, she can. Far be it from me to point my finger. Still, there is something I've been meaning to talk to you about, Mario."

"Don't get excited. Keep your voice down."

"I can't help it. I don't like it that Frankie's over there so much with that kind of situation going on."

"It wouldn't be much worse than what he's seen in his own home, sweetheart."

"Oh, cut it out. Don't be indelicate; I'm trying to talk."

"I can't figure it out," Frankie's father had said, "an attractive, intelligent woman like Doret. But on second thought, maybe I can. Widows and even Ph.D.s have got to have their . . ."

"I *said*, Mario, don't be gross."

". . . Same as anyone else."

"Noelle was thinking now about that conversation when Frankie rose to leave. He said, "When are you going to the mountains?"

"As soon as school's out. Did you ask your mother if you could go with us?"

"She won't let me."

"Too bad. I was going to let you ride Squaw this

CYNTHIA BUCHANAN is in Spain working on a novel. She is a native of Des Moines, Iowa, but has lived recently in a number of more mundane cities—Phoenix, Los Angeles, New York, San Francisco, Mexico City . . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

year. Maybe."

"Yeah, *maybe*. That's what you said last year. And the year before. 'Bye, Noelley."

She felt a little knocking of guilt as Frankie left but decided to dismiss it. Perhaps she had been stingy with her horse. But Squaw was her . . . daughter. Her son, too, possibly. And Squaw was very sensitive; not just anybody could ride her, for she was a very special animal. Noelle loved the mare and her own mother so much that sometimes she thought she could taste her love for them in her throat.

And since Charley had loomed into their lives, she could see that Squaw was going to be more her family than ever. But maybe her mother would change once the two of them got up to the mountains. Without Charley, things would be different. Squaw was up there at the cabin; the summer would be wonderful . . . Mama, Squaw, and herself. Like before, when she and Doret spent the piney days fishing and reading and hunting for arrowheads together.

"Dear Akela and dear God, please make everything like it was before."

Noelle heard her mother's Jeepster drive up on the lawn. The car door slammed, then the house door. Then her mother threw a large book and her purse into a chair. Frankie had not closed the door to Noelle's bedroom, and she could see through the crack. Her mother leaned over and kissed Charley after snapping off the television and smoothing the short hair around her ears.

"Oh, am I tired."

"Good. That's how I like my women. Only way to keep them in line; don't let them get too frisky." He chuckled, slapping her on the buttocks as she walked by the couch.

"You dog, you." She turned and took a cigarette from the pack in his shirt pocket.

"Come down here and give your old man a kiss."

"You utter . . . utter . . ." She knelt down beside the couch, smiling and nuzzling his neck.

Noelle closed her eyes. "I suppose they think I can't see, dear God, I suppose they think I can't."

"You'll *think* dog, you." Charley gave her mother's shoulder a mock bite and made a growling noise. He flicked his cigarette ash on the floor with one outflung arm.

"Honey, don't do that. Please. I'm the one who has to clean it up, and after six hours of a Tuesday class . . ."

"All right. Calm down. I know, I know. Listen, when do we eat? Or should I say, what do we eat? I hope you weren't planning on that TV dinner in the refrigerator, because it was all there was to tide me over this noon."

"You ate that? That was supposed to be for Noelle in case I didn't get back from school in time."

"Well, you're back in time, aren't you? Anyway, I ate the turkey one. There's still a Chinese left. I didn't eat the Chinese one."

"You're gallant, you are." She kissed him on the forehead. "However, my daughter doesn't like Chinese food. By the way, you might light my cigarette one of these days."

"Ah, sorry, *mademoiselle*." He curled back the match cover, and with one hand, flicked a bent match into flame. "So you didn't answer my question. When's dinner?"

"Let's go out and eat. Why don't you take all of us to some nice restaurant. I don't feel like . . ."

"You know I'm a little low on cash right now, Doret."

"I know it."

"Nevertheless, I could sure do with a good steak tonight. That is, if there's some minutely possible way that m'lady could . . ."

". . . make it financially possible. Yes, I guess there is." She got to her feet. "Isn't there always?" She snapped the television back on. "Noelle home? Noelle!"

"Hi, Mama." Noelle resumed working on the bridle.

Doret knelt on the floor beside her. "What are you doing, baby?"

"Fixing Squaw's stuff for next week." She didn't want to be nice to her mother after seeing her with Charley, but affection began to surface in her, and she hugged her mother wildly, loving the familiar smell of turpentine and "White Shoulders."

"Did you know I love my little girl?" She kissed Noelle.

"Are we going out to eat, Mama?"

"Yes, I think so. Where would you like to go?"

"Pedro's. I love, love, love those tacos there."

Doret had risen and was studying her hands in the light of the window. "Damn, I never did get that stuff off." She rubbed her knuckles. "Surely. I don't see why not. Mexican food would be as good as . . ."

"As playing hell with my ulcer." Charley's voice came in from the couch.

There was a silence. Noelle's foot had fallen asleep from being curled under her. She began hitting it with her fist. Mexican food was her favorite, but now what would happen? Maybe Charley could have re-fried beans or something. Charley's face was like re-fried beans. His hair was the color of re-fried beans and so was his cough. She said, "Re-fried beans wouldn't hurt his ulcer, would they?"

Her mother walked into the hall and leaned in the doorway with her arms folded. "Listen, Charley, Pedro's also has American food and some milder . . ."

"Look, Doret, I'm not trying to be a hypochondriac or anything, but I can't eat that junk, that's all. Why don't you and Noelle go eat your Mexican food, and I'll run on home and open up a can of . . . ." He got up to a sitting position, reaching for his tennis shoes. His brownish red hair fanned out from his head, crushed on the pillow all afternoon.

Noelle thought, "I hate that hair of his."

"Don't be silly. You're not going to run home and open up a can of anything. We're all three going out to dinner together," Doret said.

Noelle knew too that Charley wasn't going to run home and open up a can of anything. He always acted the martyr and pretended he was going to do this or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that, and he never had any intention of leaving or doing anything. She remembered once last month he came over when Doret was doing a pastel of Squaw from a photograph. Noelle had been telling her how to do the mane so it looked even better than in the photograph. The two of them were hunched over intent at the kitchen table.

Charley took a beer from the refrigerator and slipped into the booth next to Doret. Neither Noelle nor her mother spoke, absorbed in the sketch. After ten minutes of silence, Charley said, "Say, I guess I'm not wanted around here. I think I'll go." But he did not get up to leave.

Doret murmured, "Oh, keep your pants on. We're only doing a little picture here." She blew some chalk dust lightly off the edge of the paper, squinting at the drawing.

Charley laughed. "Oh, I had no intention of taking my . . ."

"That's enough. You seem to forget who's around, don't you?" She turned to Noelle, "Now, honey, do you want it done just like the photograph?"

"What do you think? I can't decide." Noelle leaned forward on her elbows.

"Let me put it in lightly like this, and if we don't like it, we can change it."

Noelle watched Charley drain the last of the beer and crush the can double in one hand. He did that with every empty beer can, crushed it and then smiled around at everybody. "In any case, since you two are so wrapped up in whatever you're doing there, I think I'll slip on out the door so's not to bother anybody." He sat loosely in the booth and stared at the kitchen floor.

"Would you like another beer?" Doret rose and opened a can. "Come on, you spoiled little boy." She ruffled his hair. The two of them went into the living room and turned on the television.

"Mama, aren't you going to fix the mane?"

"I'll finish it later, baby. I'm kind of tired right now."

Charley did not "slip on out the door" until he saw three television programs.

Noelle wanted to smear the saddle soap she now held in her hand right in his re-fried beans face. The big phoney baby; he wasn't going to "run on home" today either.

"What's wrong with a nice steak tonight, Doret?"

"Oh, I don't care. We're all so hungry, anything would taste good right now."

There was a silence.

"Well?" said Charley.

"Well?" Noelle's mother said.

Noelle whispered, "I knew it, Charley. I knew it. Just like always," and she took her shoes off.

She lay on her bed and put her feet high up on the wall, inching her toes farther and farther up the plaster until her elbows and the back of her neck supported her body. She hoped her mother would come into the bedroom and tell her to go with them to eat.

Doret leaned in the door of Noelle's room. "Get those dirty feet off the wall. What do you think you're doing there?"

"Nothing. I'm not going out to eat. I'm not hungry."

"Come on, sweetheart. Go with us. We all three will go have a nice dinner somewhere."

"Doret," Charley called, "if she really doesn't like steak, we could stop by Pedro's on the way home and bring back some of that take-out food for her."

That is what happened. But Noelle told herself to wait, soon they would be rid of Charley. Next week she and her mother would again be together up in the mountains.

She awoke later that night to hear her mother telling Charley goodnight at the door and to be sure and bring warm clothing, the nights up in the mountains got cold. Then there was the familiar silence followed by a muffled goodnight, and Noelle fell asleep flattened and furious by the new picture of the Charley summer to come.

At the breakfast table the next morning, she said, "Mama, is Charley going to the mountains?"

Her mother unplugged the coffeepot slowly. "Yes, he is." She poured her coffee. "Do you have all your clothes and all Squaw's tack ready, honey?"

"Yes."

"Come over here. You're still not too big a girl to sit on my lap, are you?"

Charley had been in the mountains two weeks with Doret and Noelle when a group of his friends arrived at the cabin with their cases of beer, fishing poles, tents, and Coleman burners. On Saturday night following an afternoon of riding a dozen horses from the nearby

JANE PASSMAN

MYSELF

In the hours between people
I run a pencil through my hair,
And hear the gliding sound the pencil makes.
I touch my face and feel the hard
Curved bones shaping it.
I am. Completely. Solidly.
I slide my fingers down the smoothness
Of my legs,
Seeing how brown—
And white
They are—
In the light,
And prop the bone of my knee
Up to the bone of my chin.
All my body belongs to myself.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stables, there was a party around the campfire that night. A man named Buster told dirty stories, other people danced in the pine needles to a transistor radio, and Charley led many toasts. Noelle had watched until Doret sent her to bed. She lay in the sleeping bag and listened to waftings from "Down by the Old Mill Stream" with its raucous harmonizing and laughter. She heard Charley, drunk and cackling, "Listen, I saw you, Tony, you son of a bitch. I saw you on that old stable plug. You couldn't ride a rocking horse."

There was some mild jeering. Then Charley yelled, "What do you mean, 'better than me'? The hell you are! When I was a kid in New Mexico, I used to . . . I'd lay you a ten dollar wager any time of the day that I could outride any Indian."

Noelle slipped down under the flannel of the sleeping bag and played with the inside zipper with her toe. "Hah. I'll bet you could, Charley! You couldn't even neck rein that old sorrel from the stables, couldn't make him mind you."

Charley bawled on. "I'm not much of a fisherman; as a matter of fact, I hate to fish. Hate to get up early, hate to fish. But when it comes to riding, put old Charley in the saddle, men."

"Hah. That's a laugh," Noelle whispered and went to sleep.

The next morning she was humming "I'm Going to Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter." She chewed a piece of toast and snapped her bridle reins absently against the edge of the table.

Her mother looked at the corner of the table and said quickly, "There was an accident last night, baby. An accident with Charley and Squaw and the cattle guard and please, darling, don't try to go out and feed her this morning, because she's not there."

Noelle stopped chewing and gave a quick whimper of a smile. "What do you mean?"

"And don't go look for her . . . oh, God . . . because the forest service men came to help and said there's only one thing to do . . . when a horse gets in a cattle guard and breaks its legs. And that's what she did. And that's what they had to do. And God, Noelley, don't blame Charley. He didn't mean to, angel; he didn't mean to, Noelle. She wasn't in pain, sweetheart. She wasn't, I promise you."

Noelle got up slowly from the chair, with her head bent to one side. She walked around the table, trailing her bridle reins through some coffee grounds spilled on the hardwood floor of the cabin. "What, Mama, what? Tell me again, Mama. Again, Mama. Mama."

"Baby, I realize it seems . . ." Doret put a cigarette to her twitching lips. "Wait a minute, darling. Please let's not get . . ." She struck and restruck a match that would not ignite.

Noelle stood quietly. Wait a minute, everybody . . . they shot her? There was her grain can on top of the little icebox. Her mother sat there smoking, like she did every morning with a cup of coffee. Everything was all right, but wait a minute, wait a minute. Where was Charley?

"Where's Charley? Huh? Huh?"

"He left early. To go fishing."

Noelle stared at her mother's strong creative fingers busying themselves with another match. She remembered those fingers smoothing calamine lotion on her poison oak rash last summer. This summer she once opened her eyes to see the fingers playfully trace Charley's new blond moustache at the breakfast table. Noelle had turned over on her cot and pretended to be asleep as her heart galloped so hard it hurt.

How she hated Charley then, and now as she watched her mother's trembling fingers, this hate seeped to her face, her hands, her feet. It pulsated until she thought she would spit it out onto the floor or into their faces. "He touched Squaw, Mama? And rode her? No one has ever ridden her but me. You let him, Mama? Big ugly hairy blue eagle belchy Charley . . . ugly Charley on my beautiful horse." She swirled and sprang down the steps of the screen porch, running and screaming towards the small corral.

She would plan to hate Charley forever. Not only for the summer and not only for today, but forever and ever. She would hate him off the face of the earth and would persuade God to hate him too.

For an hour, she lay crumpled in the powdery dirt of the corral, whispering. "Squaw. Squaw. Mama. I want to run, maybe. I want to run myself inside out and fall down at the feet of horse angels and beg them to send Squaw back . . ." She wanted to be a horse herself and speed away to the hilltops, gallop in the valleys, trot in the tall grass of the mountain plains and never, never return to this place where the morning breeze sprinkled a film of dust and hay flecks on Squaw's water trough. She would kill herself with the pitchfork and go to heaven and be with Squaw forever.

Still on her knees, she crawled and hiccoughed over the pine needles to the screen porch. She sat down on the steps and picked at the wood.

Doret rose stiffly and walked out to the steps. She placed her hand on the crown of Noelle's head.

"Don't you touch me! Don't ever touch me again, horrible Charley's lady!" She leaped down the steps. "I hate you. And I hate Charley. I hate, hate, hate his dirty guts. Go be with him, why don't you? That's what you want more than anything, so go be with him, hear!"

"Noelle, I understand, lovey, I do understand, but you must never . . ."

Noelle began to cough and cry again, swaying from side to side with her face upturned to the sky. "I hate him." She hugged herself and chanted *I hate him* until she stopped crying. Doret put her arms around Noelle, who clutched and said, "Please, Mama, send Charley away. Please, Mama, please."

"I will, love, I will, baby. Stop crying, Noelley, love, stop crying now." She stroked Noelle's head with a hand trying to keep a cigarette ash from falling in the girl's hair. "Be still, honey. I don't want to burn your hair. I can't have a little bald girl with burned hair now, can I?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NAR HERITAGE

YOUNG JOSEPH

AN INDIAN'S VIEW OF INDIAN AFFAIRS

A chief of the Nez Perce Indians—whose place in history is by now secure—makes an eloquent statement on behalf of his people. First published in The North American Review *in April, 1879, his words seem more than ever a goad to the collective American conscience; we reprint them here as a reminder that good men are always with us—as are the kinds of injustice they speak out against.*

My friends, I have been asked to show you my heart. I am glad to have a chance to do so. I want the white people to understand my people. Some of you think an Indian is like a wild animal. This is a great mistake. I will tell you all about our people, and then you can judge whether an Indian is a man or not. I believe much trouble and blood would be saved if we opened our hearts more. I will tell you in my way how the Indian sees things. The white man has more words to tell you how they look to him, but it does not require many words to speak the truth. What I have to say will come from my heart, and I will speak with a straight tongue. Ah-cum-kin-i-ma-me-hut (the Great Spirit) is looking at me, and will hear me.

My name is In-mut-too-yah-lat-lat (Thunder traveling over the Mountains). I am chief of the Wal-lam-wat-kin band of Chute-pa-lu, or Nez Perces (nose-pierced Indians). I was born in eastern Oregon, thirty-eight winters ago. My father was chief before me. When a young man, he was called Joseph by Mr. Spaulding, a missionary. He died a few years ago. There was no stain on his hands of the blood of a white man. He left a good name on the earth. He advised me well for my people.

Our fathers gave us many laws, which they had learned from their fathers. These laws were good. They told us to treat all men as they treated us; that we should never be the first to break a bargain; that it was a disgrace to tell a lie; that we should speak only the truth; that it was a shame for one man to take from another his wife, or his property without paying for it. We were taught to believe that the Great Spirit sees and hears everything, and that he never forgets; that hereafter he will give every man a spirit-home according to his deserts: if he has been a good man, he will have a good home; if he has been a bad man, he will have a bad home. This I believe, and all my people believe the same.

We did not know there were other people besides the Indian until about one hundred winters ago, when some men with white faces came to our country. They brought many things with them to trade for furs and skins. They brought tobacco, which was new to us. They brought guns with flint stones on them, which frightened our woman and children. Our people could not talk with these white-faced men, but they used signs which all people understand. These men were Frenchmen, and they called our people "Nez Perces," because they wore rings in their noses for ornaments. Although very few of our

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people wear them now, we are still called by the same name. These French trappers said a great many things to our fathers, which have been planted in our hearts. Some were good for us, but some were bad. Our people were divided in opinion about these men. Some thought they taught more bad than good. An Indian respects a brave man, but he despises a coward. He loves a straight tongue, but he hates a forked tongue. The French trappers told us some truths and some lies.

The first white men of your people who came to our country were named Lewis and Clarke. They also brought many things that our people had never seen. They talked straight, and our people gave them a great feast, as a proof that their hearts were friendly. These men were very kind. They made presents to our chiefs and our people made presents to them. We had a great many horses, of which we gave them what they needed, and they gave us guns and tobacco in return. All the Nez Perces made friends with Lewis and Clarke, and agreed to let them pass through their country, and never to make war on white men. This promise the Nez Perces have never broken. No white man can accuse them of bad faith, and speak with a straight tongue. It has always been the pride of the Nez Perces that they were the friends of the white men. When my father was a young man there came to our country a white man (Rev. Mr. Spaulding) who talked spirit law. He won the affections of our people because he spoke good things to them. At first he did not say anything about white men wanting to settle on our lands. Nothing was said about that until about twenty winters ago, when a number of white people came into our country and built houses and made farms. At first our people made no complaint. They thought there was room enough for all to live in peace, and they were learning many things from the white men that seemed to be good. But we soon found that the white men were growing rich very fast, and were greedy to possess everything the Indian had. My father was the first to see through the schemes of the white men, and he warned his tribe to be careful about trading with them. He had suspicion of men who seemed so anxious to make money. I was a boy then, but I remember well my father's caution. He had sharper eyes than the rest of our people.

Next there came a white officer (Governor Stevens), who invited all the Nez Perces to a treaty council. After the council was opened he made known his heart. He said there were a great many white people in the country, and many more would come; that he wanted the land marked out so the Indians and white men could be separated. If they were to live in peace it was necessary, he said, that the Indians should have a country set apart for them, and in that country they must stay. My father, who represented his band, refused to have anything to do with the council, because he wished to be a free man. He claimed that no man owned any part of the earth, and a man could not sell what he did not own.

Mr. Spaulding took hold of my father's arm and said, "Come and sign the treaty." My father pushed him away, and said: "Why do you ask me to sign away my country? It is your business to talk to us about spirit matters, and not to talk to us about parting with our land." Governor Stevens urged my father to sign his treaty, but he refused. "I will not sign your paper," he said; "you go where you please, so do I; you are not a child, I am no child; I can think for myself. No man can think for me. I have no other home than this. I will not give it up to any man. My people would have no home. Take away your paper. I will not touch it with my hand."

My father left the council. Some of the chiefs of the other bands of the Nez Perces signed the treaty, and then Governor Stevens gave them presents of blankets. My father cautioned his people to take no presents, for "after a while," he said, "they will claim that you have accepted pay for your country." Since that time four bands of the Nez Perces have received annuities from the United States. My father was invited to many councils, and they tried hard to make him sign the treaty, but he was firm as the rock, and would not sign away his home. His refusal caused a difference among the Nez Perces.

Eight years later (1863) was the next treaty council. A chief called Lawyer, because he was a great talker, took the lead in this council, and sold nearly all the Nez Perces country. My father was not there. He said to me: "When you go into council with the white man, always remember your country. Do not give it away. The white man will cheat you out of your home. I have taken no pay from the United States. I have never sold our land." In this treaty Lawyer acted without authority from our band. He had no right to sell the Wallowa (*winding water*) country. That had always belonged to my father's own people, and the other bands had never disputed our right to it. No other Indians ever claimed Wallowa.

In order to have all people understand how much land we owned, my father planted poles around it and said:

"Inside is the home of my people—the white man may take the land outside. Inside this boundary all our people were born. It circles around the graves of our fathers, and we will never give up these graves to any man."

The United States claimed they had bought all the Nez Perces country outside of Lapwai Reservation from Lawyer and other chiefs, but we continued to live on this land in peace until eight years ago, when white men began to come inside the bounds my father had set. We warned them against this great wrong, but they would not leave our land, and some bad blood was raised. The white men represented that we were going upon the war-path. They reported many things that were false.

The United States Government again asked for a treaty council. My father had become blind and feeble. He could no longer speak for his people. It was then that I took my father's place as chief. In this council I made my first speech to white men. I said to the agent who held the council:

"I did not want to come to this council, but I came hoping that we could save blood. The white man has no right to come here and take our country. We have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never accepted any presents from the Government. Neither Lawyer nor any other chief had authority to sell this land. It has always belonged to my people. It came unclouded to them from our fathers, and we will defend this land as long as a drop of Indian blood warms the hearts of our men."

The agent said he had orders, from the Great White Chief at Washington, for us to go upon the Lapwai Reservation, and that if we obeyed he would help us in many ways. "You *must* move to the agency," he said. I answered him: "I will not. I do not need your help; we have plenty, and we are contented and happy if the white man will let us alone. The reservation is too small for so many people with all their stock. You can keep your presents; we can go to your towns and pay for all we need; we have plenty of horses and cattle to sell, and we won't have any help from you; we are free now; we can go where we please. Our fathers were born here. Here they lived, here they died, here are their graves. We will never leave them." The agent went away, and we had peace for a little while.

Soon after this my father sent for me. I saw he was dying. I took his hand in mine. He said: "My son, my body is returning to my mother earth, and my spirit is going very soon to see the Great Spirit Chief. When I am gone, think of your country. You are the chief of these people. They look to you to guide them. Always remember that your father never sold his country. You must stop your ears whenever you are asked to sign a treaty selling your home. A few years more, and white men will be all around you. They have their eyes on this land. My son, never forget my dying words. This country holds your father's body. Never sell the bones of your father and your mother." I pressed my father's hand and told him I would protect his grave with my life. My father smiled and passed away to the spirit-land.

I buried him in that beautiful valley of winding waters. I love that land more than all the rest of the world. A man who would not love his father's grave is worse than a wild animal.

For a short time we lived quietly. But this could not last. White men had found gold in the mountains around the land of winding water. They stole a great many horses from us, and we could not get them back because we were Indians. The white men told lies for each other. They drove off a great many of our cattle. Some white men branded our young cattle so they could claim them. We had no friend who would plead our cause before the law councils. It seemed to me that some of the white men in Wallowa were doing these things on purpose to get up a war. They knew that we were not strong enough to fight them. I labored hard to avoid trouble and bloodshed. We gave up some of our country to the white men, thinking that then we could have peace. We were mistaken. The white man would not let us alone. We could have avenged our wrongs many times, but we did not. Whenever the Government has asked us to help them against other Indians, we have never refused. When the white men were few and we were strong we could have killed them all off, but the Nez Perces wished to live at peace.

If we have not done so, we have not been to blame. I believe that the old treaty has never been correctly reported. If we ever owned the land we own it still, for we never sold it. In the treaty councils the commissioners have claimed that our country had been sold to the Government. Suppose a white man should come to me and say, "Joseph, I like your horses, and I want to buy them." I say to him, "No, my horses suit me, I will not sell them." Then he goes to my neighbor, and says to him: "Joseph has some good horses. I want to buy them, but he refuses to sell." My neighbor answers, "Pay me the money, and I will sell you Joseph's horses." The white man returns to me, and says, "Joseph, I have bought your horses, and you must let me have them." If we sold our lands to the Government, this is the way they were bought.

On account of the treaty made by the other bands of the Nez Perces, the white men claimed my lands. We were troubled greatly by white men crowding over the line. Some of these were good men, and we lived on peaceful terms with them, but they were not all good.

Nearly every year the agent came over from Lapwai and ordered us on to the reservation. We always replied that we were satisfied to live in Wallowa. We were careful to refuse the presents or annuities which he offered.

Through all the years since the white men came to Wallowa we have been threatened and taunted by them and the treaty Nez Perces. They have given us no rest. We have had a few good friends among white men, and they have always advised my people to bear these taunts without fighting. Our young men were quick-tempered, and I have had great trouble in keeping them from doing rash things. I have carried a heavy load on my back ever since I was a boy. I learned then that we were but few, while the white men were many, and that we could not hold our own with them. We were like deer. They were like grizzly bears. We had a small country. Their country was large. We were contented to let things remain as the Great Spirit Chief made them. They were not; and would change the rivers and mountains if they did not suit them.

Year after year we have been threatened, but no war was made upon my people until General Howard came to our country two years ago and told us that he was the white war-chief of all that country. He said: "I have a great many soldiers at my back. I am going to bring them up here, and then I will talk to you again. I will not let white men laugh at me the next time I come. The country belongs to the Government, and I intend to make you go upon the reservation."

I remonstrated with him against bringing more soldiers to the Nez Perces country. He had one house full of troops all the time at Fort Lapwai.

The next spring the agent at Umatilla agency sent an Indian runner to tell me to meet General Howard at Walla Walla. I could not go myself, but I sent my brother and five other head men to meet him, and they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had a long talk.

General Howard said: "You have talked straight, and it is all right. You can stay in Wallowa." He insisted that my brother and his company should go with him to Fort Lapwai. When the party arrived there General Howard sent out runners and called all the Indians in to a grand council. I was in that council. I said to General Howard, "We are ready to listen." He answered that he would not talk then, but would hold a council next day, when he would talk plainly. I said to General Howard: "I am ready to talk to-day. I have been in a great many councils, but I am no wiser. We are all sprung from a woman, although we are unlike in many things. We can not be made over again. You are as you were made, and as you were made you can remain. We are just as we were made by the Great Spirit, and you can not change us; then why should children of one mother and one father quarrel—why should one try to cheat the other? I do not believe that the Great Spirit Chief gave one kind of men the right to tell another kind of men what they must do."

General Howard replied: "You deny my authority, do you? You want to dictate to me, do you?"

Then one of my chiefs—Too-hool-hool-suit—rose in the council and said to General Howard: "The Great Spirit Chief made the world as it is, and as he wanted it, and he made a part of it for us to live upon. I do not see where you get authority to say that we shall not live where he placed us."

General Howard lost his temper and said: "Shut up! I don't want to hear any more of such talk. The law says you shall go upon the reservation to live, and I want you to do so, but you persist in disobeying the law" (meaning the treaty). "If you do not move, I will take the matter into my own hand, and make you suffer for your disobedience."

Too-hool-hool-suit answered: "Who are you, that you ask us to talk, and then tell me I sha'n't talk? Are you the Great Spirit? Did you make the world? Did you make the sun? Did you make the rivers to run for us to drink? Did you make the grass to grow? Did you make all these things, that you talk to us as though we were boys? If you did, then you have the right to talk as you do."

General Howard replied, "You are an impudent fellow, and I will put you in the guard-house," and then ordered a soldier to arrest him.

Too-hool-hool-suit made no resistance. He asked General Howard: "Is that your order? I don't care. I have expressed my heart to you. I have nothing to take back. I have spoken for my country. You can arrest me, but you can not change me or make me take back what I have said."

The soldiers came forward and seized my friend and took him to the guard-house. My men whispered among themselves whether they should let this thing be done. I counseled them to submit, I knew if we resisted that all the white men present, including General Howard, would be killed in a moment, and we would be blamed. If I had said nothing, General Howard would never

DENIS JOHNSON

CHECKING THE TRAPS

morning,
the door opening, changing
into a doorway. half

the night i stayed awake and smoked
and watched the mousetraps.
the mice were there, nudging
into cups and plates, one fell

into the toaster, but escaped.
they waited until i gave up and slept to die.
for these mice
the night will be long. i heard

the iron snapping
in my sleep and dreamed my wife was
closing the door.

two mice are dead, for my wife.
mice make her legs
go watery, as they do sometimes after her climax.

one mouse's head is barely
in the trap, one eye probing
toward the ceiling where i could tell him
there is nothing.
the other mouse is flung willingly under the iron

bar. i wonder, were they
married? was she pregnant? they are
going out together,
in the garbage this morning. it was
morning when we were married.
it has been morning

for a long time. that mouse, with his
eye. did he hear the iron snapping,
and dream it was his

wife with her stretching, laden tits
closing the door?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have given another unjust order against my men. I saw the danger, and, while they dragged Too-hool-hool-suit to prison, I arose and said: "*I am going to talk now.* I don't care whether you arrest me or not." I turned to my people and said: "The arrest of Too-hool-hool-suit was wrong, but we will not resent the insult. We were invited to this council to express our hearts, and we have done so." Too-hool-hool-suit was prisoner for five days before he was released.

The council broke up for that day. On the next morning General Howard came to my lodge and invited me to go with him and White-Bird and Looking-Glass to look for land for my people. As we rode along we came to some good land that was already occupied by Indians and white people. General Howard pointing to this land, said: "If you will come on to the reservation, I will give you these lands and move these people off."

I replied: "No. It would be wrong to disturb these people. I have no right to take their homes. I have never taken what did not belong to me. I will not now."

We rode all day upon the reservation, and found no good land unoccupied. I have been informed by men who do not lie that General Howard sent a letter that night, telling the soldiers at Walla Walla to go to Wallowa Valley, and drive us out upon our return home.

In the council, next day, General Howard informed me, in a haughty spirit, that he would give my people *thirty days* to go back home, collect all their stock, and move on to the reservation, saying, "If you are not here in that time, I shall consider that you want to fight, and will send my soldiers to drive you on."

I said: "War can be avoided, and it ought to be avoided. I want no war. My people have always been the friends of the white man. Why are you in such a hurry? I can not get ready to move in thirty days. Our stock is scattered, and Snake River is very high. Let us wait until next fall, then the river will be low. We want time to hunt up our stock and gather supplies for winter."

General Howard replied, "If you let the time run over one day, the soldiers will be there to drive you on to the reservation, and all your cattle and horses outside of the reservation at that time will fall ino the hands of the white men."

I knew I had never sold my country, and that I had no land in Lapwai; but I did not want bloodshed. I did not want my people killed. I did not want anybody killed. Some of my people had been murdered by white men, and the white murderers were never punished for it. I told General Howard about this, and again said I wanted no war. I wanted the people who lived upon the lands I was to occupy at Lapwai to have time to gather their harvest.

I said in my heart that, rather than have war, I would give up my country. I would give up my father's grave. I would give up everything rather than have the blood of white men upon the hands of my people.

General Howard refused to allow me more than thirty days to move my people and their stock. I am sure that he began to prepare for war at once.

When I returned to Wallowa I found my people very much excited upon discovering that the soldiers were already in the Wallowa Valley. We held a council, and decided to move immediately, to avoid bloodshed.

Too-hool-hool-suit, who felt outraged by his imprisonment, talked for war, and made many of my young men willing to fight rather than be driven like dogs from the land where they were born. He declared that blood alone would wash out the disgrace General Howard had put upon him. It required a strong heart to stand up against such talk, but I urged my people to be quiet, and not to begin a war.

We gathered all the stock we could find, and made an attempt to move. We left many of our horses and cattle in Wallowa, and we lost several hundred in crossing the river. All of my people succeeded in getting across in safety. Many of the Nez Perces came together in Rocky Canon to hold a grand council. I went with all my people. This council lasted ten days. There was a great deal of war-talk, and a great deal of excitement. There was one young brave present whose father had been killed by a white man five years before. This man's blood was bad against white men, and he left the council calling for revenge.

Again I counseled peace, and I thought the danger was past. We had not complied with General Howard's order because we could not, but we intended to do so as soon as possible. I was leaving the council to kill beef for my family, when news came that the young man whose father had been killed had gone out with several other hot-blooded young braves and killed four white men. He rode up to the council and shouted: "Why do you sit here like women? The war has begun already." I was deeply grieved. All the lodges were moved except my brother's and my own. I saw clearly that the war was upon us when I learned that my young men had been secretly buying ammunition. I heard then that Too-hool-hool-suit, who had been imprisoned by General Howard, had succeeded in organizing a war-party. I knew that their acts would involve all my people. I saw that the war could not then be prevented. The time had passed. I counseled peace from the beginning. I knew that we were too weak to fight the United States. We had many grievances, but I knew that war would bring more. We had good white friends, who advised us against taking the war-path. My friend and brother, Mr. Chapman, who has been with us since the surrender, told us just how the war would end. Mr. Chapman took sides against us, and helped General Howard. I do not blame him for doing so. He tried hard to prevent bloodshed. We hoped the white settlers would not join the soldiers. Before the war commenced we had discussed this matter all over, and many of my people were in favor of warning them that if they took no part against us they should not be molested in the event of war being begun by General Howard. This plan was voted down in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

war-council.

There were bad men among my people who had quarreled with white men and they talked of their wrongs until they roused all the bad hearts in the council. Still I could not believe that they would begin the war. I know that my young men did a great wrong, but I ask, who was first to blame? They had been insulted a thousand times; their fathers and brothers had been killed; their mothers and wives had been disgraced; they had been driven to madness by whisky sold to them by white men; they had been told by General Howard that all their horses and cattle which they had been unable to drive out of Wallowa were to fall into the hands of white men; and, added to all this, they were homeless and desperate.

I would have given my own life if I could have undone the killing of white men by my people. I blame my young men and I blame the white men. I blame General Howard for not giving my people time to get their stock away from Wallowa. I do not acknowledge that he had the right to order me to leave Wallowa at any time. I deny that either my father or myself ever sold that land. It is still our land. It may never again be our home, but my father sleeps there, and I love it as I love my mother. I left there, hoping to avoid bloodshed.

If General Howard had given me plenty of time to gather up my stock, and treated Too-hool-hool-suit as a man should be treated, there *would have been no war.*

My friends among white men have blamed me for the war. I am not to blame. When my young men began the killing, my heart was hurt. Although I did not justify them, I remembered all the insults I had endured, and my blood was on fire. Still I would have taken my people to the buffalo country without fighting, if possible.

I could see no other way to avoid a war. We moved over to White Bird Creek, sixteen miles away, and there encamped, intending to collect our stock before leaving; but the soldiers attacked us, and the first battle was fought. We numbered in that battle sixty men, and the soldiers a hundred. The fight lasted but a few minutes, when the soldiers retreated before us for twelve miles. They lost thirty-three killed, and had seven wounded. When an Indian fights, he only shoots to kill; but soldiers shoot at random. None of the soldiers were scalped. We do not believe in scalping, nor in killing wounded men. Soldiers do not kill many Indians unless they are wounded and left upon the battle-field. Then they kill Indians.

Seven days after the first battle, General Howard arrived in the Nez Perces country, bringing seven hundred more soldiers. It was now war in earnest. We crossed over Salmon River, hoping General Howard would follow. We were not disappointed. He did follow us, and we got back between him and his supplies, and cut him off for three days. He sent out two companies to open the way. We attacked them, killing one officer, two guides, and ten men.

We withdrew, hoping the soldiers would follow, but they had got fighting enough for that day. They intrenched themselves and next day we attacked them again. The battle lasted all day and was renewed next morning. We killed four and wounded seven or eight.

About this time General Howard found out that we were in his rear. Five days later he attacked us with three hundred and fifty soldiers and settlers. We had two hundred and fifty warriors. The fight lasted twenty-seven hours. We lost four killed and several wounded. General Howard's loss was twenty-nine men killed and sixty wounded.

The following day the soldiers charged upon us, and we retreated with our families and stock a few miles, leaving eighty lodges to fall into General Howard's hands.

Finding that we were outnumbered, we retreated to Bitter Root Valley. Here another body of soldiers came upon us and demanded our surrender. We refused. They said, "You can not get by us." We answered, "We are going by you without fighting if you will let us, but we are going by you anyhow." We then made a treaty with these soldiers. We agreed not to molest any one, and they agreed that we might pass through the Bitter Root country in peace. We bought provisions and traded stock with white men there.

We understood that there was to be no more war. We intended to go peaceably to the buffalo country, and leave the question of returning to our country to be settled afterward.

With this understanding we traveled on for four days, and, thinking that the trouble was all over, we stopped and prepared tent-poles to take with us. We started again, and at the end of two days we saw three white men passing our camp. Thinking that peace had been made, we did not molest them. We could have killed or taken them prisoners, but we did not suspect them of being spies which they were.

That night the soldiers surrounded our camp. About daybreak one of my men went out to look after his horses. The soldiers saw him and shot him down like a coyote. I have since learned that these soldiers were not those we had left behind. They had come upon us from another direction. The new white war-chief's name was Gibbon. He charged upon us while some of my people were still asleep. We had a hard fight. Some of my men crept around and attacked the soldiers from the rear. In this battle we lost nearly all our lodges, but we finally drove General Gibbon back.

Finding that he was not able to capture us, he sent to his camp a few miles away for his big guns (cannons), but my men had captured them and all the ammunition. We damaged the big guns all we could, and carried away the powder and lead. In the fight with General Gibbon we lost fifty women and children and thirty fighting men. We remained long enough to bury our dead. The Nez Perces never make war on women and children; we could have killed a great many women and children while the war lasted, but we would feel ashamed to do so cowardly an act.

We never scalp our enemies, but when General

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Howard came up and joined General Gibbon, their Indian scouts dug up our dead and scalped them. I have been told that General Howard did not order this great shame to be done.

We retreated as rapidly as we could toward the buffalo country. After six days General Howard came close to us, and we went out and attacked him, and captured nearly all his horses and mules (about two hundred and fifty head). We then marched on to the Yellowstone Basin.

On the way we captured one white man and two white women. We released them at the end of three days. They were treated kindly. The women were not insulted. Can the white soldiers tell me of one time when Indian women were taken prisoners, and held three days and then released without being insulted? Were the Nez Perces women who fell into the hands of General Howard's soldiers treated with as much respect? I deny that a Nez Perce was ever guilty of such a crime.

A few days later we captured two more white men. One of them stole a horse and escaped. We gave the other a poor horse and told him he was free.

Nine days' march brought us to the mouth of Clarke's Fork of the Yellowstone. We did not know what had become of General Howard, but we supposed that he had sent for more horses and mules. He did not come up, but another new war-chief (General Sturgis) attacked us. We held him in check while we moved all our women and children and stock out of danger, leaving a few men to cover our retreat.

Several days passed, and we heard nothing of General Howard, or Gibbon, or Sturgis. We had repulsed each in turn, and began to feel secure, when another army, under General Miles, struck us. This was the fourth army, each of which outnumbered our fighting force, that we had encountered within sixty days.

We had no knowledge of General Miles's army until a short time before he made a charge upon us, cutting our camp in two and capturing nearly all of our horses. About seventy men, myself among them, were cut off. My little daughter, twelve years of age, was with me. I gave her a rope, and told her to catch a horse and join the others who were cut off from the camp. I have not seen her since, but I have learned that she is alive and well.

I thought of my wife and children, who were now surrounded by soldiers, and I resolved to go to them or die. With a prayer in my mouth to the Great Spirit Chief who rules above, I dashed unarmed through the line of soldiers. It seemed to me that there were guns on every side, before and behind me. My clothes were cut to pieces and my horse was wounded, but I was not hurt. As I reached the door of my lodge, my wife handed me my rifle, saying: "Here's your gun. Fight!"

The soldiers kept up a continuous fire. Six of my men were killed in one spot near me. Ten or twelve soliders charged into our camp and got possession of two lodges, killing three Nez Perces and losing three of their men, who fell inside our lines. I called my men to drive them back. We fought at close range, not more than twenty steps apart, and drove the soldiers back upon their main line, leaving their dead in our hands. We secured their arms and ammunition. We lost, the first day and night, eighteen men and three women. General Miles lost twenty-six killed and forty wounded. The following day General Miles sent a messenger into my camp under protection of a white flag. I sent my friend Yellow Bull to meet him.

Yellow Bull understood the messenger to say that General Miles wished me to consider the situation; that he did not want to kill my people unnecessarily. Yellow Bull understood this to be a demand for me to surrender and save blood. Upon reporting this message to me, Yellow Bull said he wondered whether General Miles was in earnest. I sent him back with my answer, that I had not made up my mind, but would think about it and send word soon. A little later he sent some Cheyenne scouts with another message. I went out to meet them. They said they believed that General Miles was sincere and really wanted peace. I walked on to General Miles's tent. He met me and we shook hands. He said, "Come, let us sit down by the fire and talk this matter over." I remained with him all night; next morning Yellow Bull came over to see if I was alive, and why I did not return.

General Miles would not let me leave the tent to see my friend alone.

Yellow Bull said to me: "They have got you in their power, and I am afraid they will never let you go again. I have an officer in our camp, and I will hold him until they let you go free."

I said: "I do not know what they mean to do with me, but if they kill me you must not kill the officer. It will do no good to avenge my death by killing him."

Yellow Bull returned to my camp. I did not make any agreement that day with General Miles. The battle was renewed while I was with him. I was very anxious about my people. I knew that we were near Sitting Bull's camp in King George's land, and I thought maybe the Nez Perces who had escaped would return with assistance. No great damage was done to either party during the night.

On the following morning I returned to my camp by agreement, meeting the officer who had been held a prisoner in my camp at the flag of truce. My people were divided about surrendering. We could have escaped from Bear Paw Mountain if we had left our wounded, old women, and children behind. We were unwilling to do this. We had never heard of a wounded Indian recovering while in the hands of white men.

On the evening of the fourth day General Howard came in with a small escort, together with my friend Chapman. We could now talk understandingly. General Miles said to me in plain words, "If you will come out and give up your arms, I will spare your lives and send you to your reservation." I do not know what passed between General Miles and General Howard.

I could not bear to see my wounded men and woman

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suffer any longer; we had lost enough already. General Miles had promised that we might return to our own country with what stock we had left. I thought we could start again. I believed General Miles, or *I never would have surrendered.* I have heard that he has been censured for making the promise to return us to Lapwai. He could not have made any other terms with me at that time. I would have held him in check until my friends came to my assistance, and then neither of the generals nor their soldiers would have ever left Bear Paw Mountain alive.

On the fifth day I went to General Miles and gave up my gun, and I said, "From where the sun now stands I will fight no more." My people needed rest—we wanted peace.

I was told we could go with General Miles to Tongue River and stay there until spring, when we would be sent back to our country. Finally it was decided that we were to be taken to Tongue River. We had nothing to say about it. After our arrival at Tongue River, General Miles received orders to take us to Bismarck. The reason given was, that subsistence would be cheaper there.

General Miles was opposed to this order. He said: "You must not blame me. I have endeavored to keep my word, but the chief who is over me has given the order, and I must obey it or resign. That would do you no good. Some other officer would carry out the order."

I believe General Miles would have kept his word if he could have done so. I do not blame him for what we have suffered since the surrender. I do not know who is to blame. We gave up all our horses—over eleven hundred—and all our saddles—over one hundred—and we have not heard from them since. Somebody has got our horses.

General Miles turned my people over to another soldier, and we were taken to Bismarck. Captain Johnson, who now had charge of us, received an order to take us to Fort Leavenworth. At Leavenworth we were placed on a low river bottom, with no water except river-water to drink and cook with. We had always lived in a healthy country, where the mountains were high and the water was cold and clear. Many of my people sickened and died, and we buried them in this strange land. I can not tell how much my heart suffered for my people while at Leavenworth. The Great Spirit Chief who rules above seemed to be looking some other way, and did not see what was being done to my people.

During the hot days (July, 1878) we received notice that we were to be moved farther away from our own country. We were not asked if we were willing to go. We were ordered to get into the railroad-cars. Three of my people died on the way to Baxter Springs. It was worse to die there than to die fighting in the mountains.

We were moved from Baxter Springs (Kansas) to the Indian Territory, and set down without our lodges. We had but little medicine, and we were nearly all sick. Seventy of my people have died since we moved there.

We have had a great many visitors who have talked many ways. Some of the chiefs (General Fish and Colonel Stickney) from Washington came to see us, and selected land for us to live upon. We have not moved to that land, for it is not a good place to live.

The Commissioner Chief (E. A. Hayt) came to see us. I told him, as I told every one, that I expected General Miles's word would be carried out. He said it "could not be done; that white men now lived in my country and all the land was taken up; that, if I returned to Wallowa, I could not live in peace; that law-papers were out against my young men who began the war, and that the Government could not protect my people." This talk fell like a heavy stone upon my heart. I saw that I could not gain anything by talking to him. Other law chiefs (Congressional Committee) came to see me and said they would help me to get a healthy country. I did not know who to believe. The white people have too many chiefs. They do not understand each other. They do not all talk alike.

The Commissioner Chief (Mr. Hayt) invited me to go with him and hunt for a better home than we have now. I like the land we found (west of the Osage reservation) better than any place I have seen in that country; but it is not a healthy land. There are no mountains and rivers. The water is warm. It is not a good country for stock. I do not believe my people can live there. I am afraid they will all die. The Indians who occupy that country are dying off. I promised Chief Hayt to go there, and do the best I could until the Government got ready to make good General Miles's word. I was not satisfied, but I could not help myself.

Then the Inspector Chief (General McNiel) came to my camp and we had a long talk. He said I ought to have a home in the mountain country north, and that he would write a letter to the Great Chief at Washington. Again the hope of seeing the mountains of Idaho and Oregon grew up in my heart.

At last I was granted permission to come to Washington and bring my friend Yellow Bull and our interpreter with me. I am glad we came. I have shaken hands with a great many friends, but there are some things I want to know which no one seems able to

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Commencing with the Summer issue, **The North American Review** will accept classified advertising as a regular back-of-the-magazine service. Ads dealing with literary, educational, general cultural, and travel services are invited. Copy for the Summer issue must be received, pre-paid, by April 28th.

Rate: 20¢ per word, ten-word minimum

Address: Classified Department
The North American Review
University of Northern Iowa
Cedar Falls, Iowa 50613

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

explain. I can not understand how the Government sends a man out to fight us, as it did General Miles, and then breaks his word. Such a Government has something wrong about it. I can not understand why so many chiefs are allowed to talk so many different ways, and promise so many different things. I have seen the Great Father Chief (the President), the Next Great Chief (Secretary of the Interior), the Commissioner Chief (Hayt), the Law Chief (General Butler), and many other law chiefs (Congressmen), and they all say they are my friends, and that I shall have justice, but while their mouths all talk right I do not understand why nothing is done for my people. I have heard talk and talk, but nothing is done. Good words do not last long unless they amount to something. Words do not pay for my dead people. They do not pay for my country, now overrun by white men. They do not protect my father's grave. They do not pay for all my horses and cattle. Good words will not give me back my children. Good words will not make good the promise of your War Chief General Miles. Good words will not give my people good health and stop them from dying. Good words will not get my people a home where they can live in peace and take care of themselves. I am tired of talk that comes to nothing. It makes my heart sick when I remember all the good words and all the broken promises. There has been too much talking by men who had no right to talk. Too many misrepresentations have been made, too many misunderstandings have come up between the white men about the Indians. If the white man wants to live in peace with the Indian he can live in peace. There need be no trouble. Treat all men alike. Give them all the same law. Give them all an even chance to live and grow. All men were made by the same Great Spirit Chief. They are all brothers. The earth is the mother of all people, and all people should have equal rights upon it. (You might as well expect the rivers to run backward as that any man who was born a free man should be contented when penned up and denied liberty to go where he pleases.) If you tie a horse to a stake, do you expect he will grow fat? If you pen an Indian up on a small spot of earth, and compel him to stay there, he will not be contented, nor will he grow and prosper. (I have asked some of the great white chiefs where they get their authority to say to the Indian that he shall stay in one place, while he sees white men going where they please. They can not tell me.)

I only ask of the Government to be treated as all other men are treated. If I can not go to my own home, let me have a home in some country where my people will not die so fast. I would like to go to Bitter Root Valley. There my people would be healthy: where they are now they are dying. Three have died since I left my camp to come to Washington.

When I think of our condition my heart is heavy. I see men of my race treated as outlaws and driven from country to country, or shot down like animals.

I know that my race must change. We can not hold our own with the white man as we are. We only ask an even chance to live as other men live. We ask to be recognized as men. We ask that the same law shall work alike on all men. If the Indian breaks the law, punish him by the law. If the white man breaks the law, punish him also.

Let me be a free man—free to travel, free to stop, free to work, free to trade where I choose, free to choose my own teachers, free to follow the religion of my fathers, free to think and talk and act for myself—and I will obey every law, or submit to the penalty.

Whenever the white man treats the Indian as they treat each other, then we will have no more wars. We shall all be alike—brothers of one father and one mother, with one sky above us and one country around us, and one government for all. Then the Great Spirit Chief who rules above will smile upon this land, and send rain to wash out the bloody spots made by brothers' hands from the face of the earth. For this time the Indian race are waiting and praying. I hope that no more groans of wounded men and women will ever go to the ear of the Great Spirit Chief above, and that all people may be one people.

In-mut-too-yah-lat-lat has spoken for his people.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED